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MAD

MAY 2004

NUMBER 441

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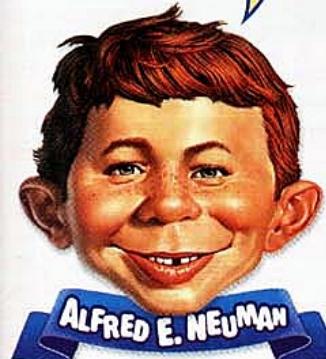
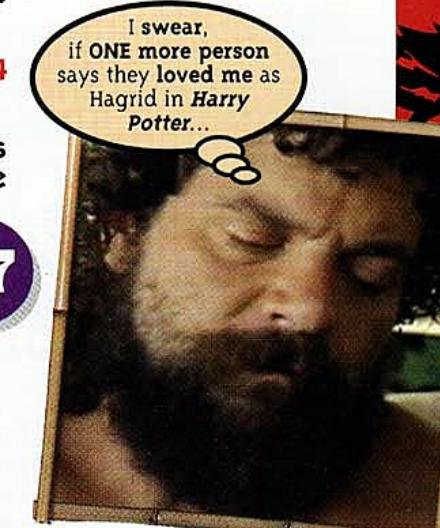
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FRONT COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON
DOG POSTER ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

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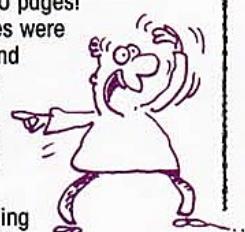


A POKE IN THE SIZE

I am a new subscriber to your magazine. It is hilarious! However, I do have one negative comment — your magazine is very thin! I'm holding MAD #437 right now and it's only about 60 pages long! *Highlights For Kids* is longer than this! Your magazine is funny, but it would be much better if it had more features to it. Just a suggestion, but with so many things to make fun of in these times, your magazine should be 300 pages long!

Matt Wood, Millington, MD

Matt Hatter — Oh, you're a new subscriber? That's too bad! As recently as last year, each issue clocked in at a fat 400 pages! Of course, 340 of said pages were illegally-reprinted Goofus and Gallant cartoons! (We can't begin to tell you how sad we were when we received the cease and desist notice — that Goofus is a real cut-up!) Thanks for subscribing to our puny magazine! —Ed.



ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

I must say that I was rather disappointed with all of the envelope "art" in MAD #438. Yes, my Alfred E. sucks, but the rest of my envelope is good stuff — that's me in the bottom right. Anyway, this is my first letter to you folks and, therefore, my first envelope, but you can expect many, many more as I intend to get really good at drawing Alfred. I will become the omnipotent ruler of all things Letter Art, or at least give you all a good laugh trying. Jim Hutchings is going down!

Dan Root, Pittsfield, MA

You Can't Handle the Root — Judging by your "artwork," we're glad the asylum is nurturing your "creativity"! Actually, we were just relieved that we found no suspicious white powder in it! Thanks for your drawing, and say hi to everyone in the group! —Ed.



—

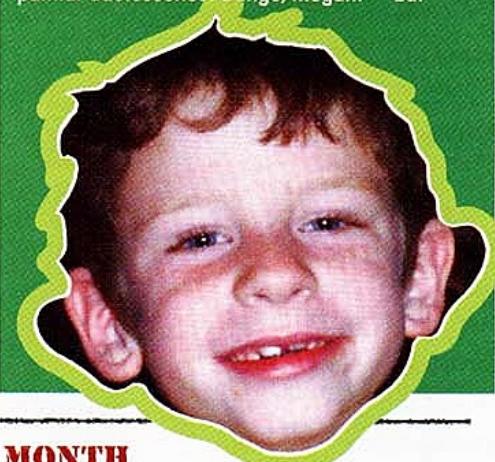


ALFRED LOOK-A-LIKE

When I received my issue of MAD, I immediately noticed that your pick for the Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like contest looks nothing like Alfred E. Neuman! So, lucky for you, I've decided to help you guys out. I have enclosed the ultimate Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like — my seven-year-old cousin, Nicholas Nemier.

Megan Nemier,
Chateaugay, NY

Square Meg — No doubt this will be a bittersweet moment in young Nicholas' life. We offer our sympathetic congratulations to Nicholas on his Alfred look-a-like status. We hope it is not the highlight of an otherwise awkward and painful adolescence! Bango, Megan! —Ed.



SCHLOCK THE VOTE

I am very disappointed in the activity level of the Monroe Fan Club. The Fan Club has been dormant now for about a year and many members have become anxious. Ken McClelland, currently inactive, was appointed as the first President and founder of the Monroe Fan Club in April 2002. During his administration, the Monroe Fan Club passed the Nomenclature Act, which gave Monroe a last name. However, this policy was never acknowledged by the President and therefore has not progressed beyond a list of last name suggestions. I think it is time for the common MAD readers such as myself to ask ourselves: is it time for a new person to step up and bring the Monroe Fan Club back to its former glory? I hereby would like to impeach President McClelland due to his inactivity and offensiveness to the very editors who appointed him. I would also like MAD readers to vote in an election for a new President, and I would like to be the first one to nominate myself. Thank you for your time, and I wish whoever is elected a promising future in the progression of the Monroe Fan Club. And remember, vote Driver in '04.

Robert Driver, Melrose Park, PA

Drunk Driver — You make some valid comments and some bold claims. In truth, Monroe Fan Club President Ken McClelland has been slacking off in his duties. So we'll make like the good people of California and begin our own ill-conceived recall election! No signatures needed, no petitions required — just send in your name with a brief explanation of why you are best-suited to wrestle power from that bureaucratic fat-cat Ken McClelland. We will showcase the strongest candidates and give you, dear readers, the chance to vote. Act now, before the ballot fills up with C-list celebrities, hack comedians and porn stars. Send your platforms to: Amy "The Big Pollster" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019! —Ed

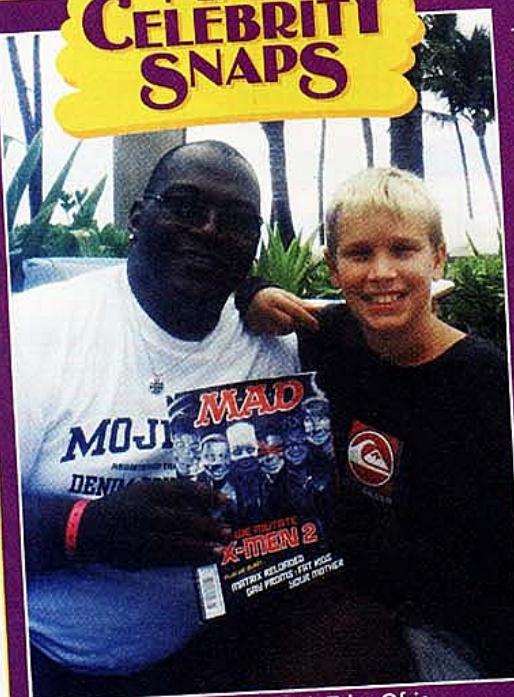
TO READ OR NOT TO READ

I have just started to subscribe to MAD and I am overly addicted! This is the first magazine that I don't just flip through and look at the pics, I actually read it (which is saying a lot)!

Bryce Young, The Woodlands, TX

Bryce-A-Roni — We certainly salute your determination in reading the entire magazine. We only got halfway through your rambling missive before just giving up (which is saying a lot)! Next time, include some pics to keep us interested! Fa fa fa! —Ed.

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Randy Jackson with Tyler Ofria

Enclosed is a picture of my son, Tyler Ofria, with Randy Jackson. We were in Maui, Hawaii this summer and our family was staying at the same hotel as his family. He was very gracious when my son asked him to pose with MAD.

Laura Ofria, Woodland Hills, CA

Boy oh boy! We've said it before and we'll say it again, MAD readers vacation in some of the most exotic and beautiful locales! It reminds us of our cross-country bus tour (not on Greyhound, mind you — we're not made of money). And while MAD readers hobnob with stars like *American Idol* judge Randy Jackson, we met many colorful characters as well — such as Fred, the bait shop owner, eBay enthusiast Beatrice and, on a far less glamorous note, *90210* "star" Ian Ziering (he was the driver of the bus on the Tucson to Vegas leg of the trip)! Congrats on your three-year subscription, dawg — and your vastly-superior travel agent! —Ed.

THE BIG TEACHERS PET

Way back in 1979, I got my first job as a replacement teacher. My most challenging class was called "Basics." This was a literature class for kids who never opened a book before now and saw no reason to do so, no matter how much I threatened or cajoled them! Finally, in desperation, I photocopied one of your articles, I think it was a take-off of "Casey at the Bat." Well, the kids in the sophomore "Basics" class took one look at the obviously MAD-derived cartoons surrounding the text and decided I was all right — they made attempts to actually read! Now for the bad part. Not for the first time that year, I found myself called into the principal's office — this time to explain exactly why I had used a MAD cartoon in class! I tried to explain my logic, but was told not to do it again. Needless to say, I did, but I warned the kids not to tell their parents what we were up to in class!

Fiona Gierzynski, Wheaton, IL

Fifi — We are kindred spirits! Over the years, we have certainly spent our fair share of time in the principal's office (at least you were getting paid). On the other hand, knowing you've been using MAD to teach kids for the last 25 years does shed some light on why test scores are plummeting for American students. (Seriously, even the Swedes are kicking our asses!) Thanks for writing! —Ed.



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

After many months of racking my brain, I have been trying to come up with a dumb wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™. I finally realized that my dumb wish is to work for MAD magazine. What's really dumb about it is that I don't want to be paid an exorbitant amount of money and I want to do everything imaginable from getting coffee to counting how many times the word "the" was used in the latest issue. How about it? Give a girl a break and find it in your hearts to let her learn from the wise and influential minds of MAD.

Elizabeth Bimbra, Brooklyn, NY

Lil' Bim — Thank you for your letter to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™. As it happens, you're in luck. With intern season right around the corner, we can help you make your dumb wish come true. You want to work for us and not make a lot of money? How does NO money sound? Still with us? Great! If you are a college student all you have to do is apply to the MAD summer internship program. The sooner you apply, the sooner we get our free labor. Good luck! —Ed.

IT AIN'T EASY BEING DEAN

Signaling what could be the final nail in the coffin of Howard Dean's Presidential hopes, *USA Today* recently ran the following cartoon. Since this run didn't pan out for you, Dr. Dean, may we suggest that it's not too late to toss your hat in the ring to become President of the Monroe Fan Club. Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!



The Big Easel

Here is my entry for "The Big Easel." It is made from yarn on plastic canvas. I am an inmate at Montana State Prison and this is what I do for a hobby. I also make boxes with pictures, picture frames and other projects.

Ken Burch, Deer Lodge, MT

It's yo Burch-day — We always enjoy getting MAD-inspired art from our incarcerated readers and we can tell you have a big talent. We're sure that in addition to the handicrafts listed above, you make some of the most beautiful and collectible shivs on the entire cellblock! —Ed.

P.S. Even if you aren't spending time in The Big House, we still want your Big Easel stuff! (Hell, even if you're on the lam, take a minute to drop us a line!) Send pics of your creative efforts to Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.





WHEN THE QUIT HITS THE FANS

Way back in MAD #438, we asked readers to send in their opinions about Jake Savage giving up his role as the "MAD fan that writes every month." The reader outcry was positively staggering! In a time when America most needs a hero, Jake Savage is being called upon to pick up that gauntlet! The readers have spoken, Jake, and we look forward to getting next month's letter (not that we'll necessarily print it). Below is just a small selection of letters from Jake's legions of supporters. Thanks to all who wrote in!

Please, Jake, don't deny us your vision, your beauty or your loveliness. I cannot thrive or survive without your words of hope and wisdom. I will turn to a life of petty crime, drug use, compulsively eating coffee ice cream and possibly have to cancel my MAD subscription. Do you really want that on your shoulders? Do you really want MAD to go bankrupt over losing my business? Keep writing — if not for yourself, Jake, do it for your loyal fans like me.

Gloria Tarantino, Gladwin, MI

A few more letters and you could become Assistant Editor, poised for the number one spot. You are riding the wave, Jake!

Jerry Severino, Chicago, IL

Jake, don't quit now. You're everyone's inspiration to write in and express their feelings to what the magazine really means to them. Don't give up on your dreams!

Tim Kelly, Santa Cruz, CA

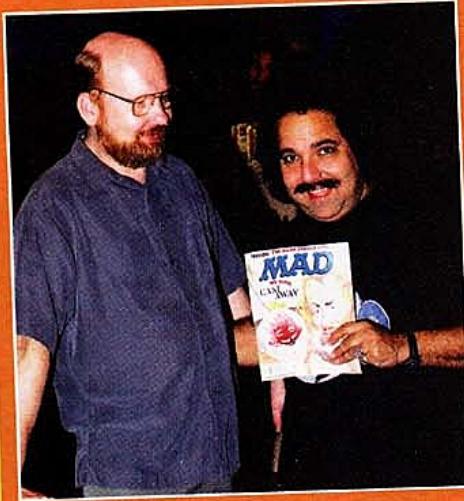
I read about Jake and since he's retiring from being the MAD fan who writes every month, I was wondering if I could. If you allow me the honor, I promise my next letter will be more interesting!

Dylan McAdam,
Laconia, NH



MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS II

Continuing with our Reality TV-themed Celebrity Snaps, we are mildly-delighted to bring you "adult film" star/The Surreal Life participant Ron Jeremy. Congratulations to the visibly-uncomfortable Bob Krotts of Kettering, OH for his three-year subscription!



Bob Krotts with Ron Jeremy

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MAY 18!**

**FIRST PEEK
AT THE NEW HARRY
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RICK TULKA AND OUR OUT OF
THIS WORLD X-FILES SPOOF!**

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the usual gang of idiots

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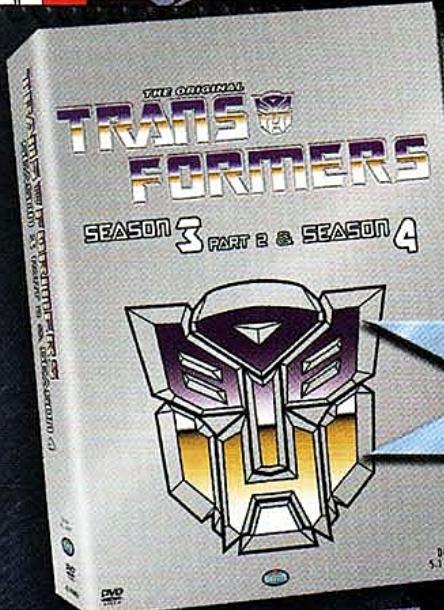
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GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

The popular *Blandman* series helped jumpstart the late-80s alt-comics boom. The books created a brand new subset of readers: cringing outcasts who could get their asses handed to them even by wussy superhero fans.

Neil Graveman left the series in 1996 (just like everyone in your life will eventually abandon you). Since then, diehard fans have speculated whether Graveman would ever write new stories about the characters. Well, yes and no. Technically, this book does contain seven new stories. But if you think seeing yet another stock character gasp, "You're...you're Death?" is a fresh experience, you probably also still get excited every time you see Batman swing on a rope.

Each story in "Endless Tripe" features one of the Witless, the seven beings who hang around humanity like the bodyguard who holds the umbrella for P. Diddy. The Witless include the enigmatic goth chick, the enigmatic guy in the black trenchcoat, the enigmatic guy in the monk's robe, the enigmatic guy with the mullet, and a few others whose personalities aren't as well-defined.

The book is labeled "Suggested For Mature Readers." Apparently, that means anybody who dots their i's with little skulls while laboriously writing Tori Amos lyrics onto their denim jackets with ballpoint pens. The paper is a high-quality stock, which can also be used for making superficial cuts on the forearm to get attention.

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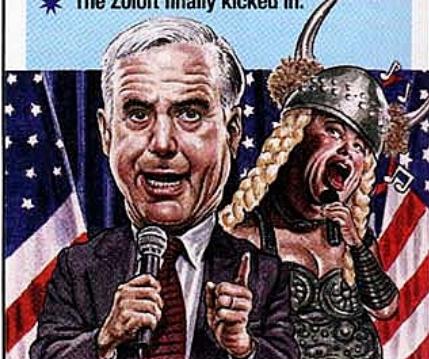
HIGH
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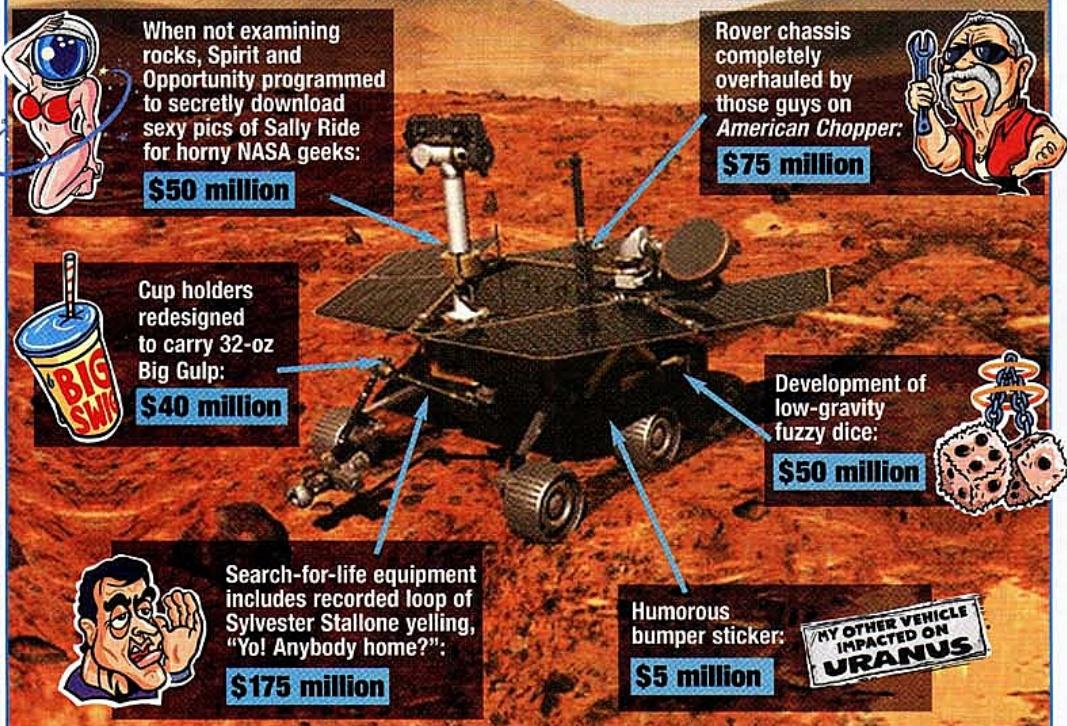
SEVERE
Severe risk of terrorist attacks

THE FAST 5
THE 5 REAL REASONS HOWARD DEAN DROPPED OUT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE

- * He was hoodwinked by that trickster, John Edwards, who swore he was dropping out, too.
- * Frankly, his supporters were really starting to creep him out.
- * Wanted to clear the way for that late Kucinich surge.
- * A lonely Mrs. Dean insisted he spend less time in the Midwest, and more time "stumping in the deep South"—if you know what we mean.
- * The Zoloft finally kicked in.

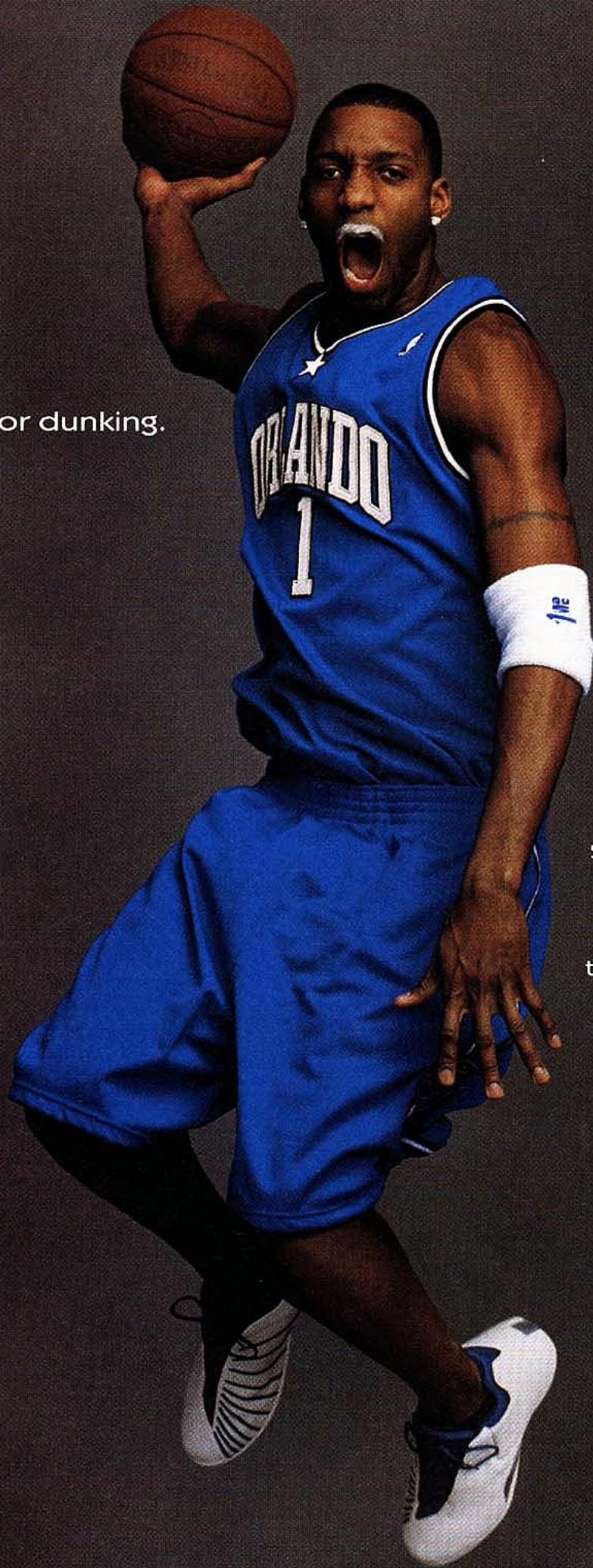


WHY THE MARS ROVERS COST \$820 MILLION



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A dynamic photograph of NBA player Tracy McGrady in mid-air, performing a powerful dunk. He is wearing a blue Orlando Magic jersey with the number 1. His mouth is wide open in a shout, and his right arm is extended upwards holding a basketball. A white wristband with the word "Milk" is visible on his right wrist. The background is a solid dark grey.

Great for dunking.

My friends told
me, "T-Mac, you're
gonna be big some day."
Must've been the milk.

About 15% of your
height is added as a
teen and the calcium and
vitamin D can help.
Will drinking a cool glass
of milk make you the
hottest scorer in town?
Hey, it couldn't hurt.

got milk?

This is Kinchella Marinara! He deals in germ warfare and bogus over-the-counter cough drops! He works for a drug conglomerate called ExLaxo, where we fear he's helping develop a germ warfare mega-bomb!

Is it okay if I explain what a germ warfare mega-bomb is, Chief?

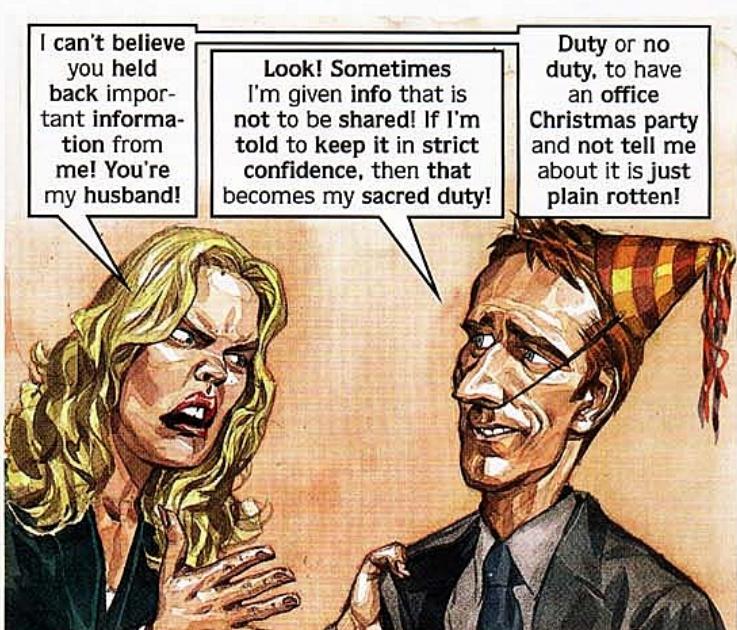
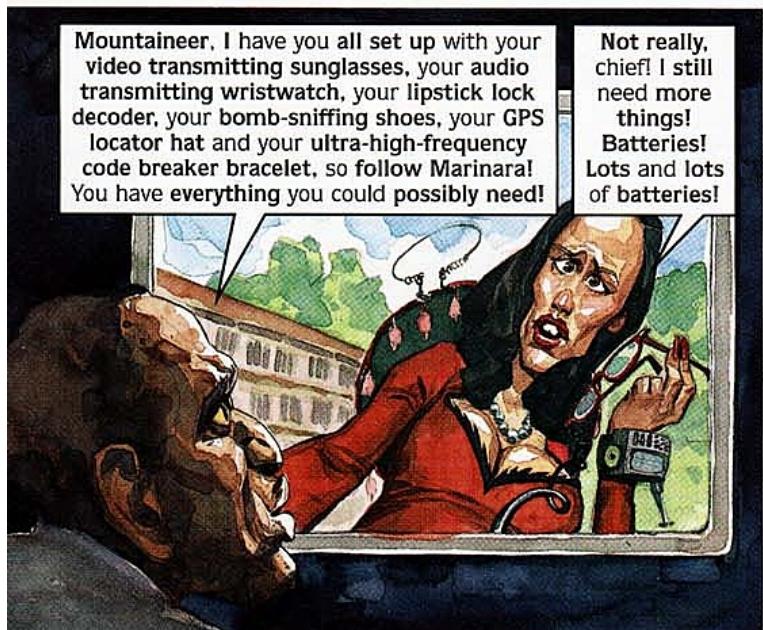
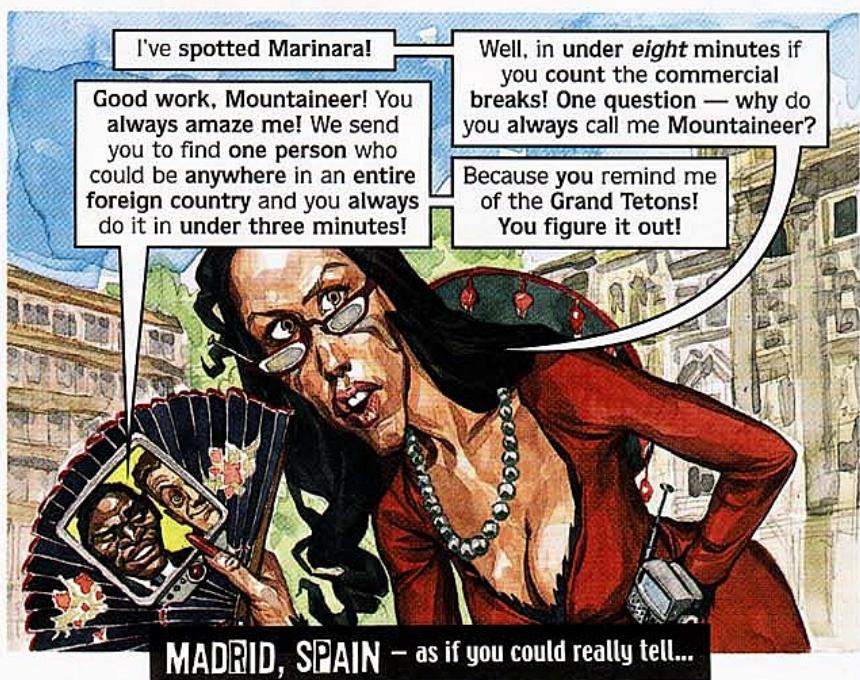
More-Shrill, I think we all know what a-

Thanks! A mega-bomb is like a really, really, really big bomb and, if dropped, it goes **B-00-000-MMM**, releasing germs everywhere! I can explain it in less technical terms if anyone would like me to!

This lunatic must be stopped!

Are we talking about the bomb maker, or More-Shrill?

More-Shrill, of course! And if time permits, we can go after the bomb maker!





Stoned! I know you're an agent for the enemy and a double agent for us...but what are you doing here?

I'm an undercover spy for this group too! So you're a triple agent?

I am! It's very dangerous work, and it's very complicated trying to keep all my lies straight, but it's worth it! Every Friday I get three paychecks!



BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY – there is no nice part...

So is the ExLaxo operation part of the Covenant?

Not exactly! It's part of a new division, Covenant LLC! They had to become a Limited Liability Corporation to lessen the impact of lawsuits! Those bogus cough drops they sell contain toxic waste, so they tend to kill people!

I'd like to stay and chat, but I have a job interview! I'm trying to be the world's first quadruple agent! Just think! Four paychecks and every one of them "off the books"!



Listen Dad, I lost two years of my life, and I don't know what happened during them!

Sinly, I picked up your twin boys! I'll bring them to the company nursery after I feed your string of polo ponies!

My God, I *really* don't know what happened during those two years!



CIA HEADQUARTERS – unlisted location...

I have to tell the CIA about my memory loss and see if they can help bring it back!

You mustn't do that! Their procedures will be painful beyond belief!

Come on, Dad, how bad could it be?

Do you realize how long an anal probe has to be in order to jog your memory? I shudder to think about it!

Sinly, why can't you just forget that you can't remember?

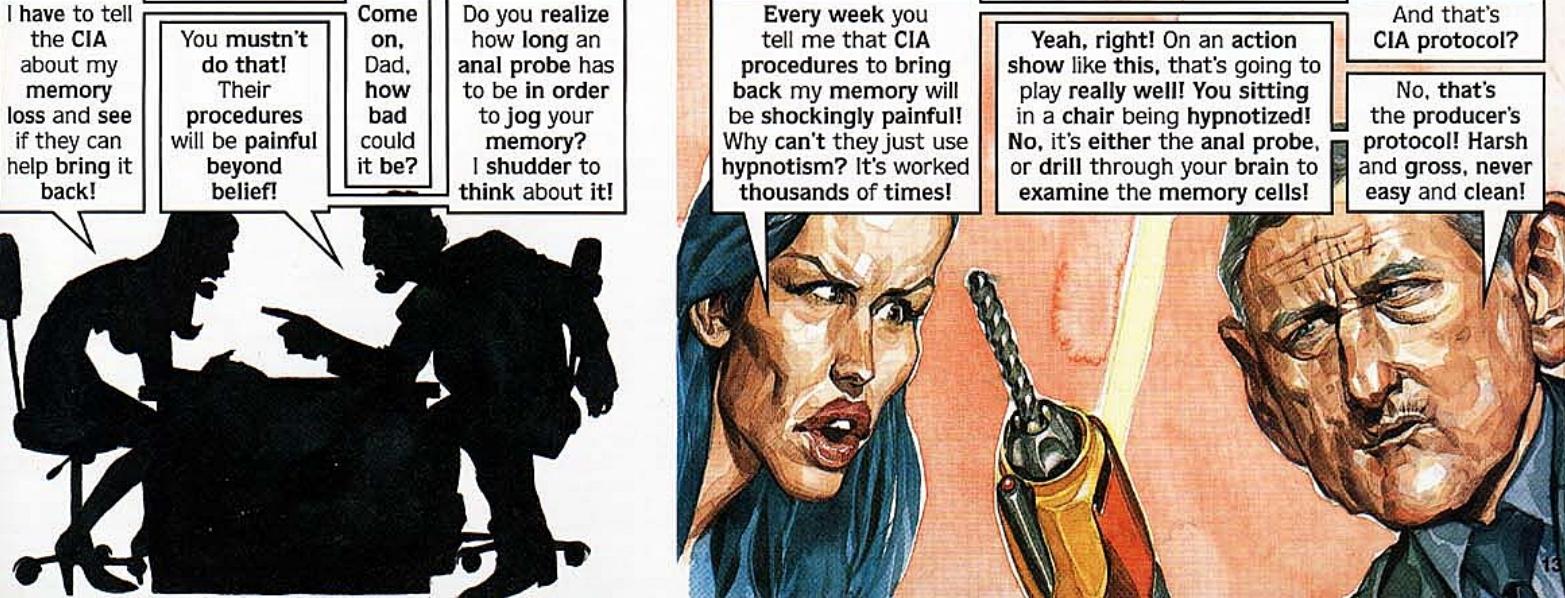
Because maybe what I can't remember is something I want to remember, or maybe something I want to forget, but I want to be able to make that choice! At least I think I remember I want to be able to make that choice!

Just keep going to that "memory loss" group I enrolled you in! It meets weekly, doesn't it?

No one in the group remembers where or how often we meet! And I can't ask anyone about it, because I can't remember who's in the "memory loss" group! It's a Catch 20!

Catch 22!

See, I didn't even remember that!

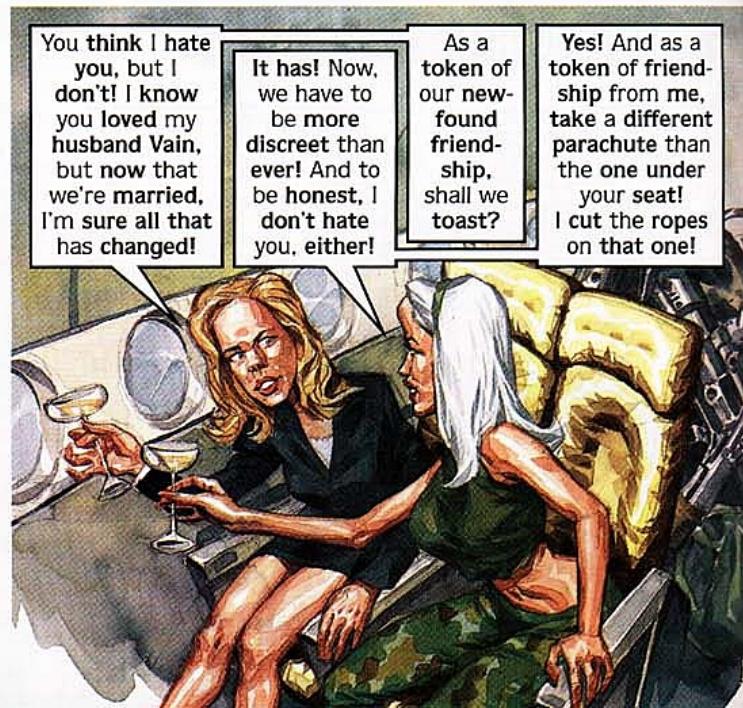
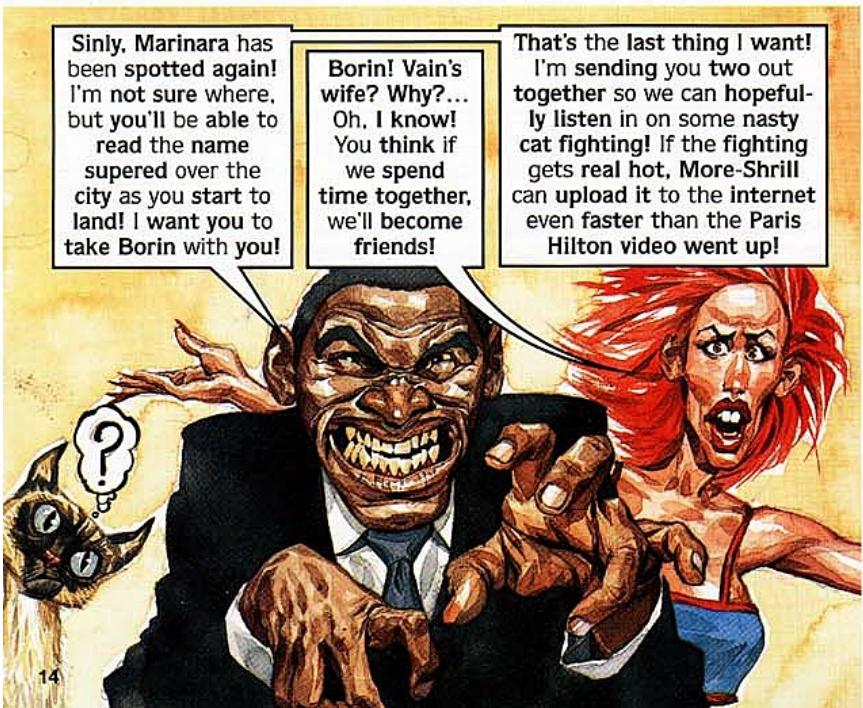
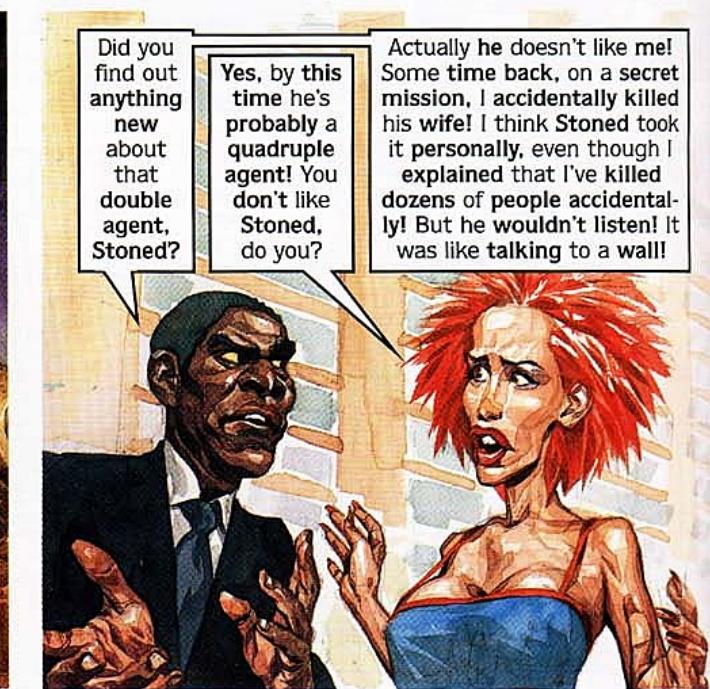
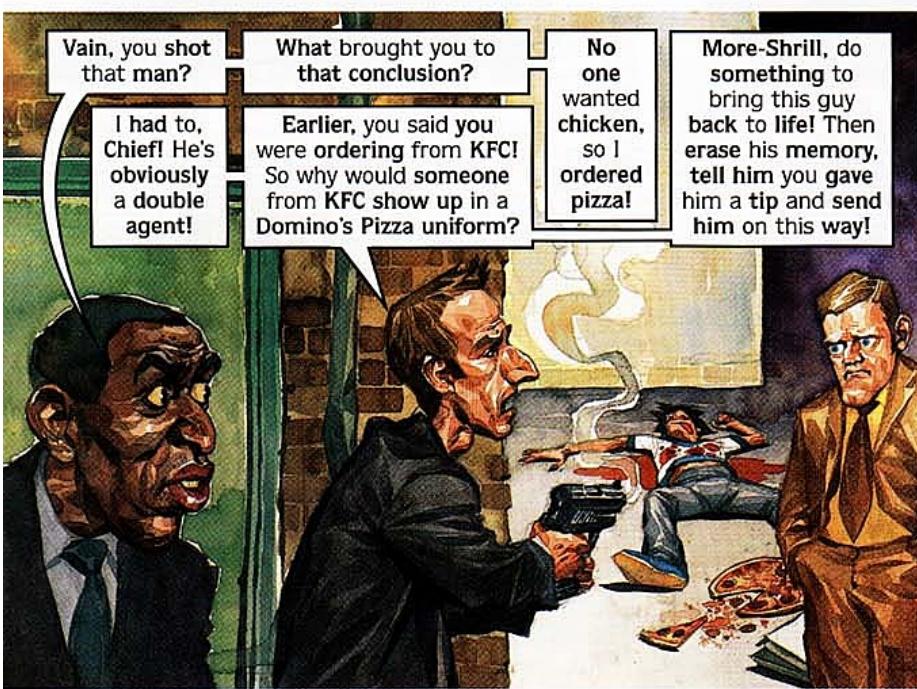
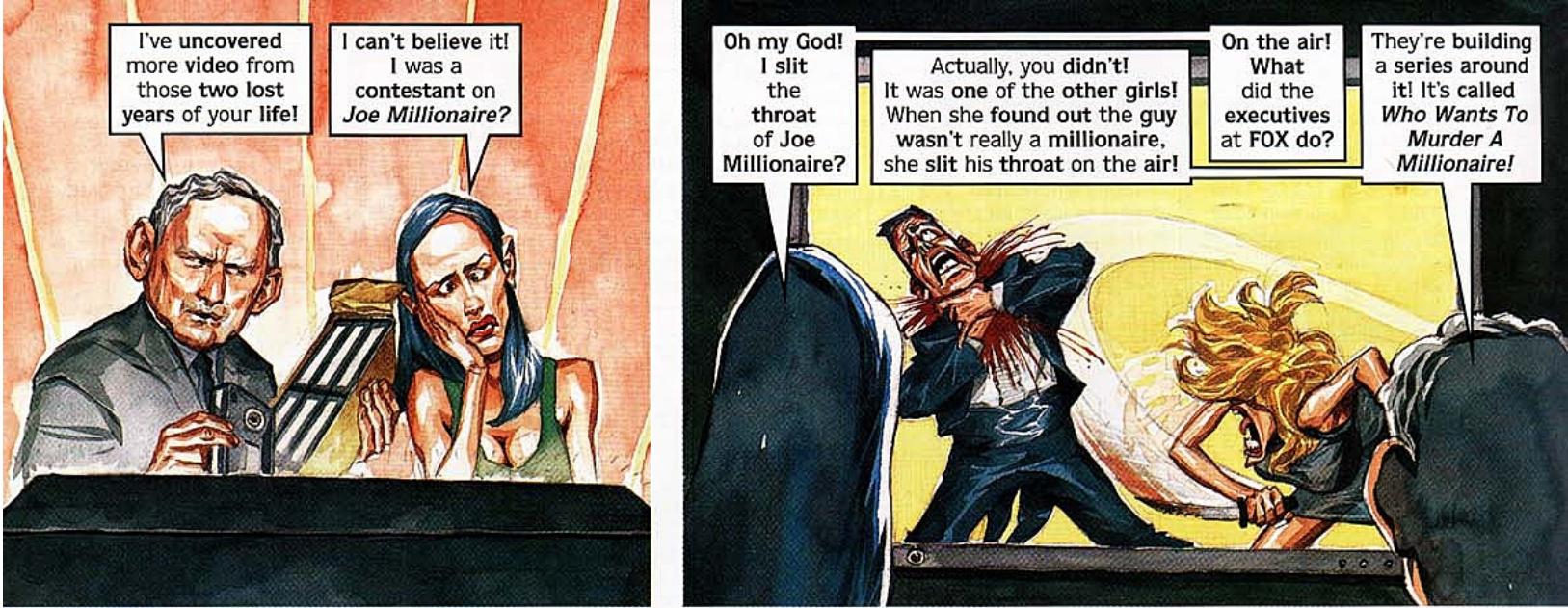


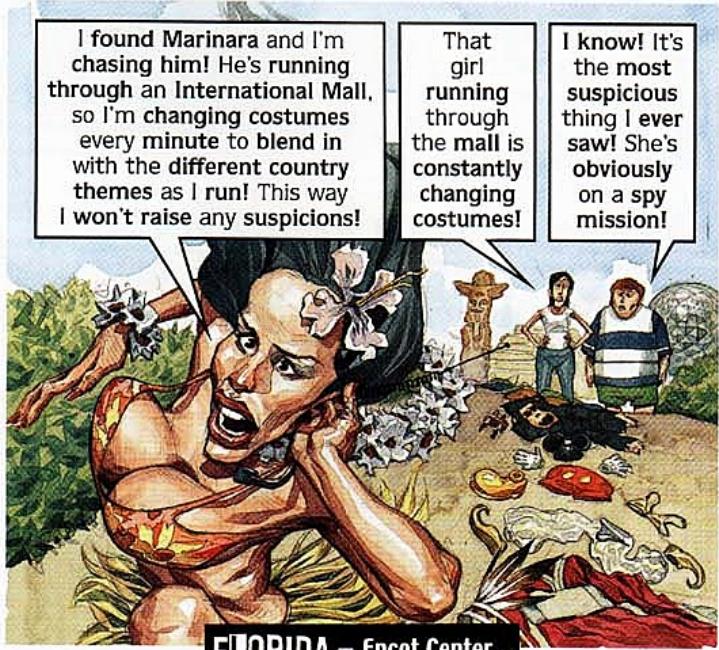
Every week you tell me that CIA procedures to bring back my memory will be shockingly painful! Why can't they just use hypnotism? It's worked thousands of times!

Yeah, right! On an action show like this, that's going to play really well! You sitting in a chair being hypnotized! No, it's either the anal probe, or drill through your brain to examine the memory cells!

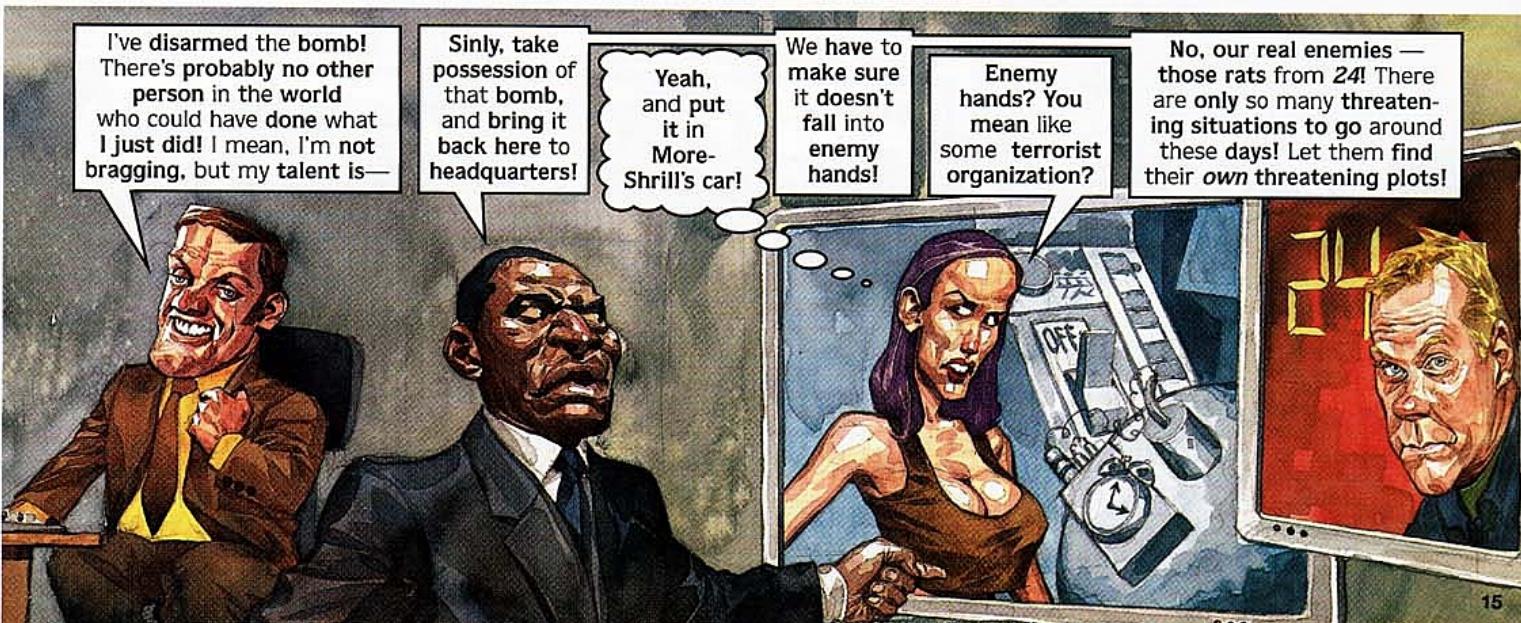
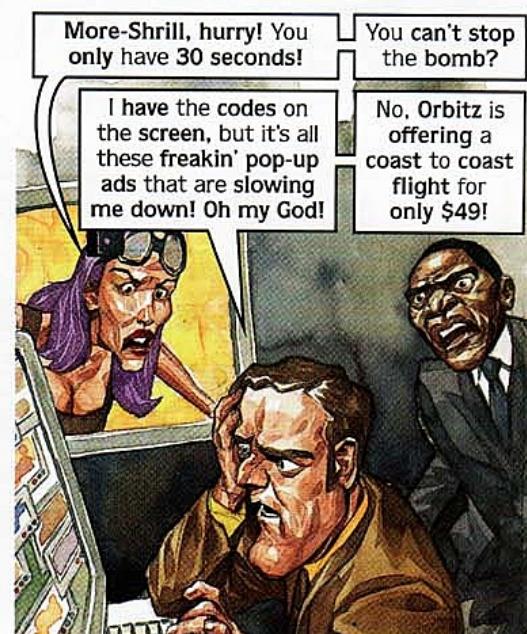
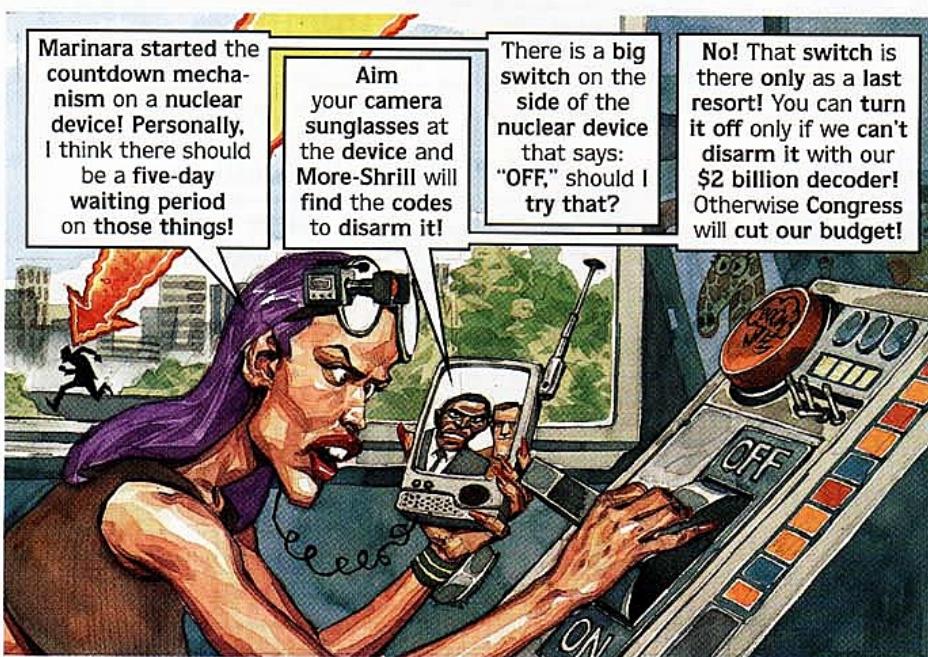
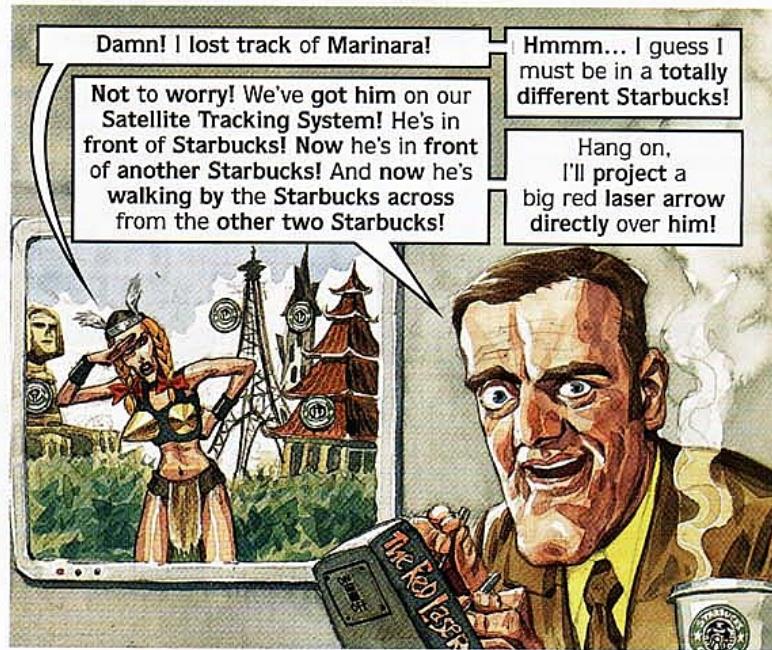
And that's CIA protocol?

No, that's the producer's protocol! Harsh and gross, never easy and clean!





FLORIDA - Epcot Center...



THIS
MONTH:

HOWARD
STERN

ON

E



11:19

Howard and company take turns giving free beauty advice to the girl in the studio.

Think about it: Howard Stern, Robin Quivers, Stuttering John and Baba Booey, all evaluating the physical attractiveness of others. It's not just the death of irony; it's the abduction, brutal beating, and gangland-style execution of irony.



11:21

The second commercial break, which lets viewers take a needed breather from the sleazy antics of Howard Stern with non-stop ads for 1-900 sex chats, Volume 33 of *Girls Gone Wild* and E!'s leering *Wild on Thong Beach* promos.



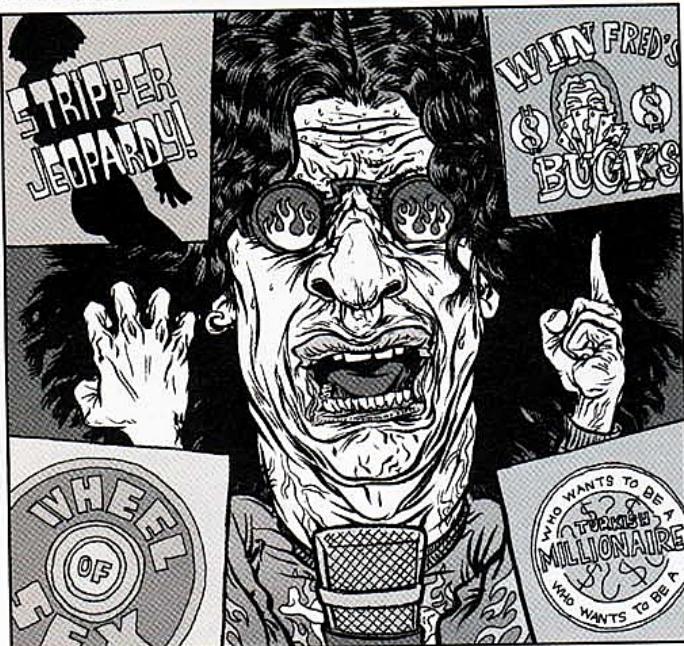
11:23

4-foot-tall superdwarf Beetlejuice enters the studio. Thanks to Howard's tireless promotion of society's most mockable rejects, unique talents such as Elephant Boy, High-Pitch Eric and Crackhead Bob are far better known to the American public than the names of the men and women who decoded the structure of human DNA.



11:24

Howard launches into his evergreen tirade about how he's a genius and everyone else in show business shamelessly rips off his original ideas. Then, it's time for another game of either Stripper Jeopardy, Win Fred's Money, Wheel of Sex, Homeless Dating Game or Who Wants To Be a Turkish Millionaire.



11:29

Even though the show is over, it's not really over until the pointless "So, how'd it go?" hallway interview. It's a great wrap-up for all those viewers who missed the opening 29 minutes of a 30-minute show. The idiot holding the camcorder works with an extensive 3-question repertoire: "Was it fun?" "Do you think he liked you?" and, "Is that the first time you showed your breasts?" True, this routine ensures that each episode ends with a stupid, inept thud, but compared to this hallway quiz, Howard's preceding 35 variations of "Are you ready to get naked?" will always seem novel and entertaining in comparison.



When Ken and Barbie decided to call it quits, it shattered the hearts of millions of devoted fans (notice we said "devoted" and not "particularly bright"). But most painful of all, no real explanation was given. However, while rooting through the dumpster behind Barbie's Dreamhouse (as is our custom on a Friday night), we discovered...

Barbie's "DEAR JOHN" LETTER TO KEN

From the
Desk of

Barbie

Dear Ken,

IT'S over. After 43 years of waiting for you to commit, I realized I wasn't getting any younger. Of course, I'm not getting any older, either. But I still think we need to see other dolls and action figures. It's time to play the field.

Since we started dating, I've been a fashion designer, an astronaut, an animal doctor, a rock singer, an actress, a painter, a firefighter, a paleontologist, a pilot, a Marine, a lifeguard, a ballerina, a dentist, a stewardess, a sales clerk, and a candidate for President. What have you ever done?!?

Being a plastic boy toy is no way to spend a life, Ken. It's time for you to get real.

I still remember the night I came home early to our hot tub and bathworks playset, and found you there, naked, with G.I. Joe. You said it was innocent, that you'd only stripped off each other's clothes because a kid drew all over them in purple magic marker. And I took a chance and believed you. After all, neither one of you have a shveen. But I had doubts.

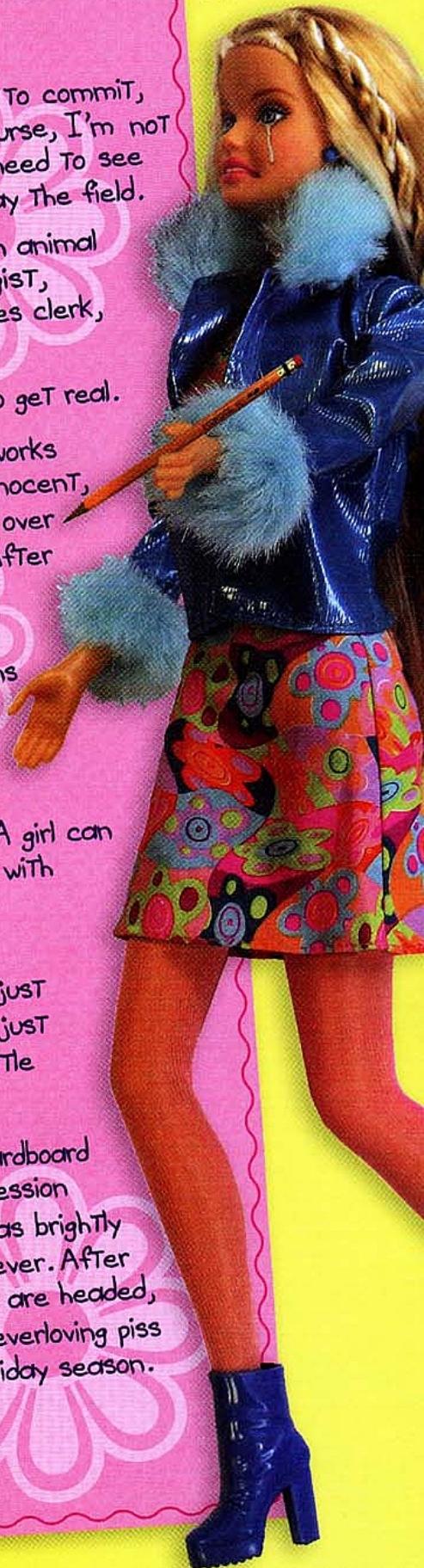
Then, after I found a pair of raggedy panties inside the glove compartment of your fun Time convertible, I had some major life decisions to make. Decisions even harder than "strawberry lip gloss or neon?"

And I came to realize that I have some self-esteem issues. I'm famous, I'm rich, I'm an icon, and still I can't get a marriage proposal out of you after 40 years. Who do you think I am? Oprah? A girl can only stare at her disco lamp, her slide 'n splash pool, her karaoke kit with carrying case, and her other 43,000 possessions for so long.

We've grown apart. You've always treated me like I'm some kind of interchangeable bimbo, as if there are a billion other dolls out there just like me. Haven't I always maintained my 49-6-28 figure? Or am I just some kind of hollow plaything? How I've longed to hear those three little words from you, Ken, and I don't mean "no assembly required."

I need some shelf space. I feel like I'm suffocating inside a small cardboard box. I'm in pain, Ken, and not just from holding the same blank expression since 1961. I still have fake feelings for you. My love once burned as brightly as the 3-watt bulb in my oven. This breakup doesn't have to be forever. After we've had some time to think, after we've discovered where our lives are headed, and especially after the marketing department of Mattel milks the everloving piss out of this, we'll get back together. Probably just in time for the holiday season.

Party on,
Barbie



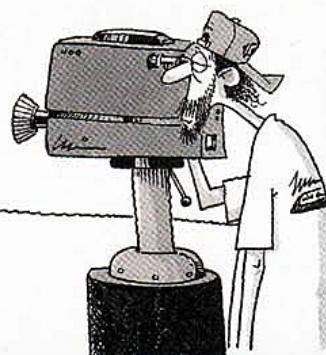
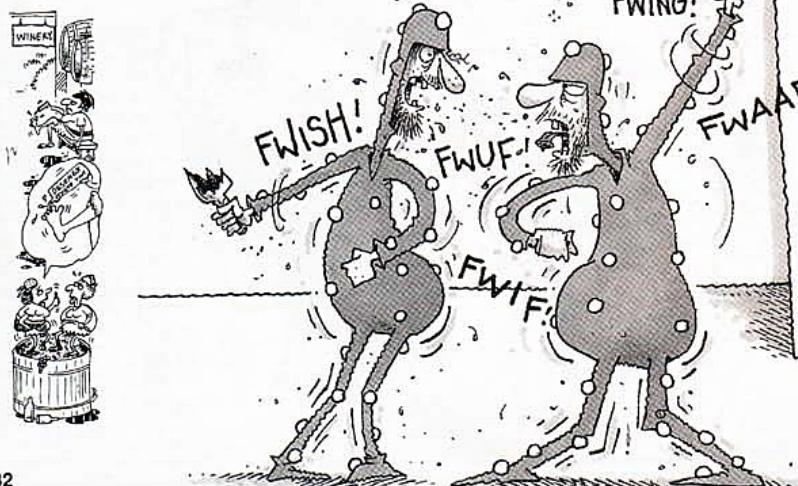
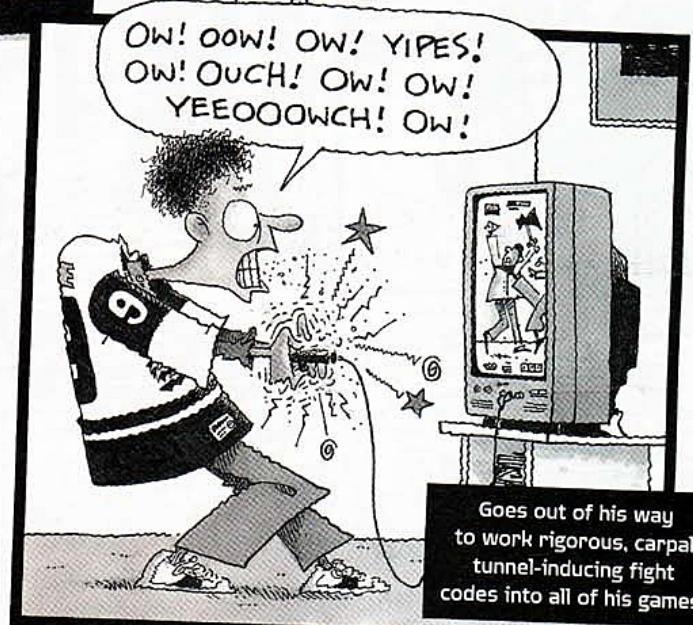
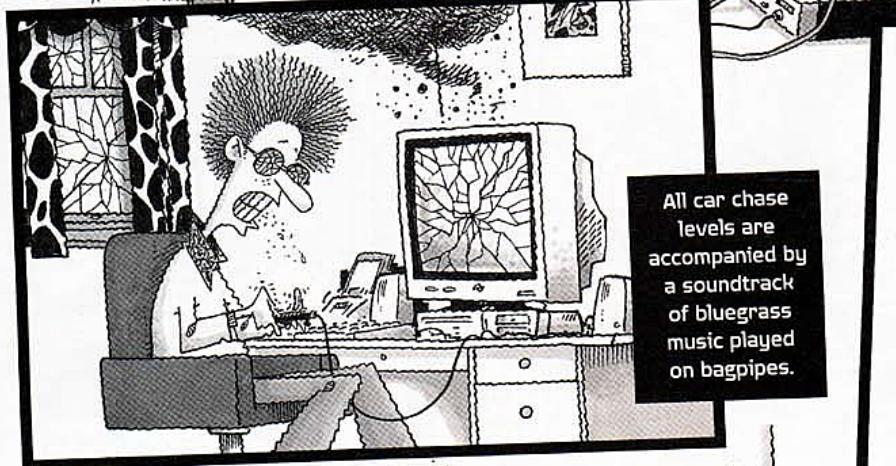
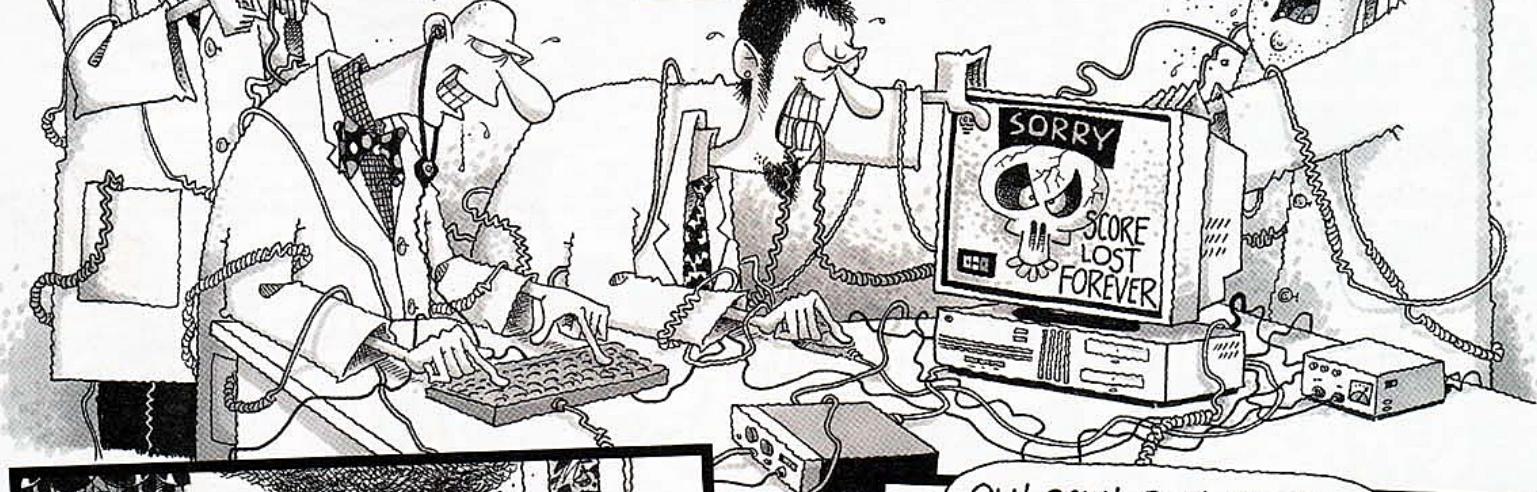


A CREEP AT THE CONTROLS DEPT.

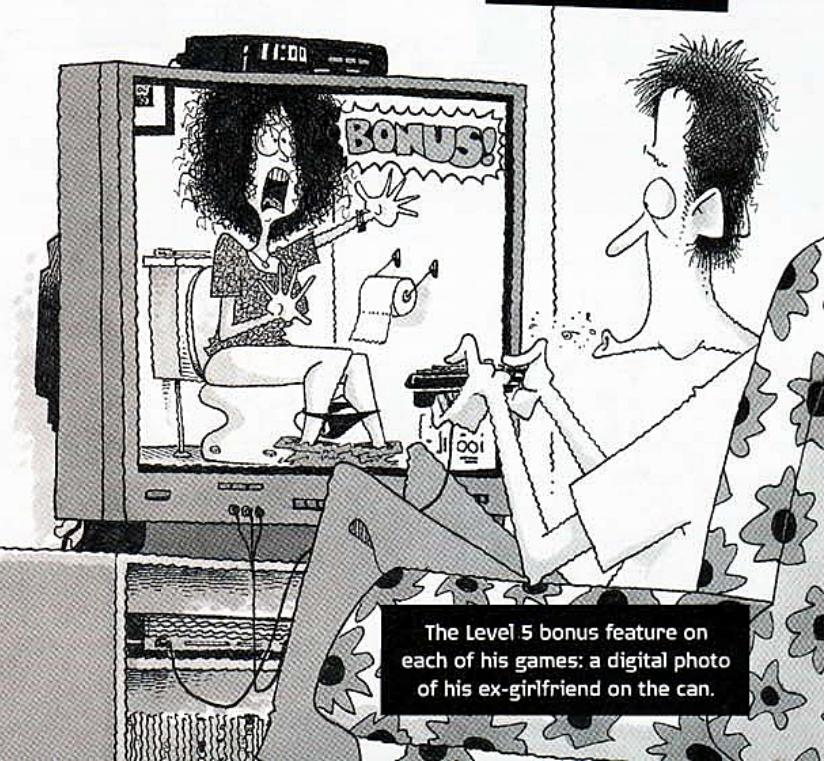
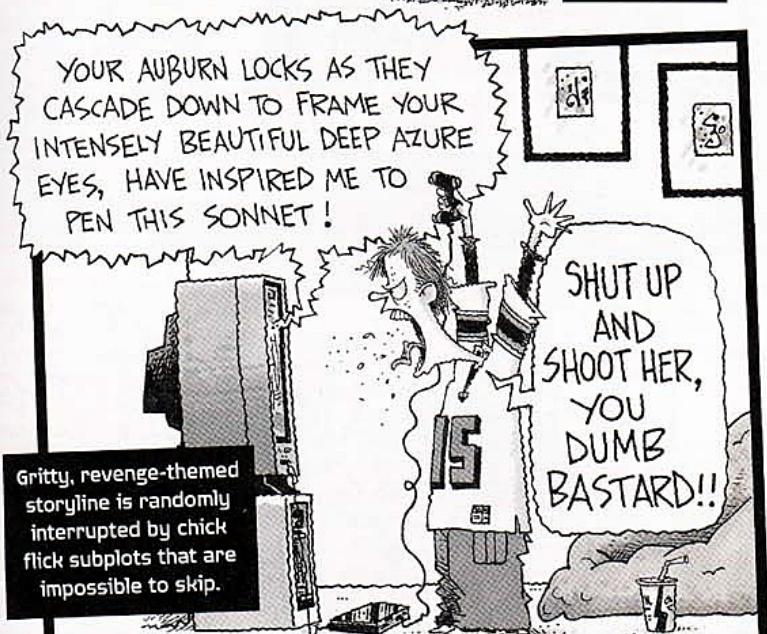
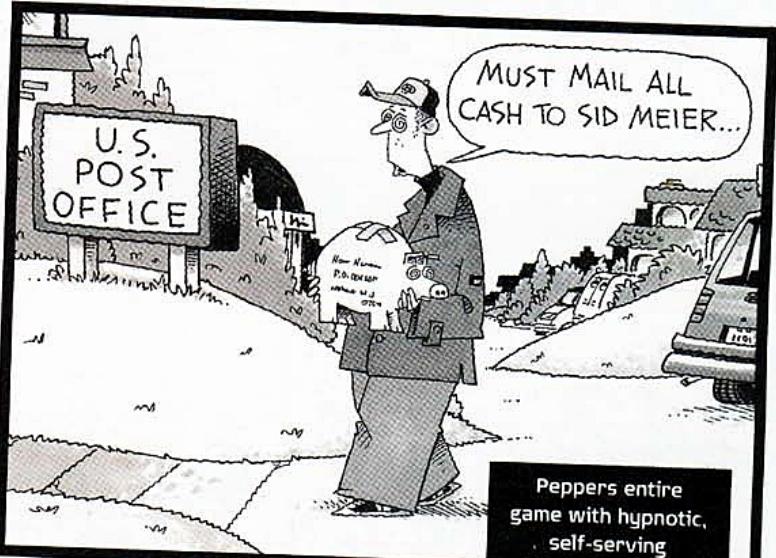
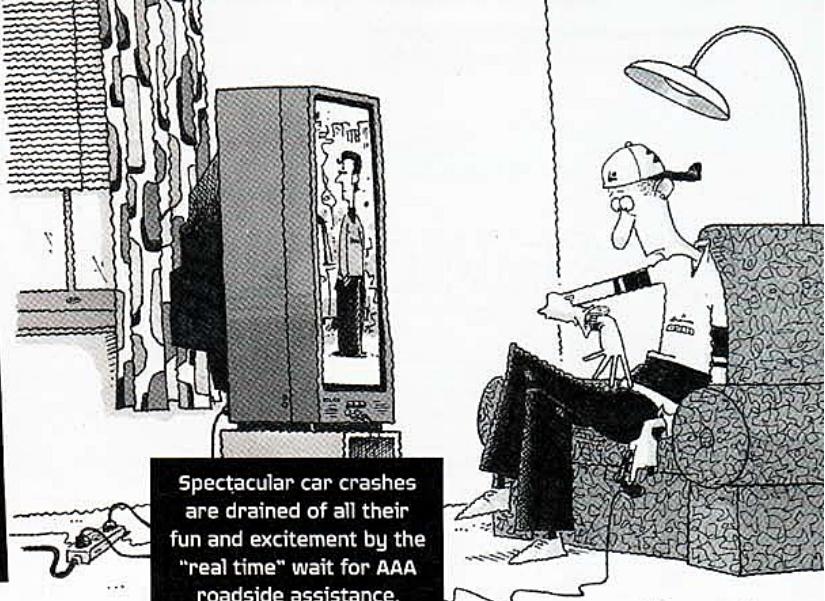
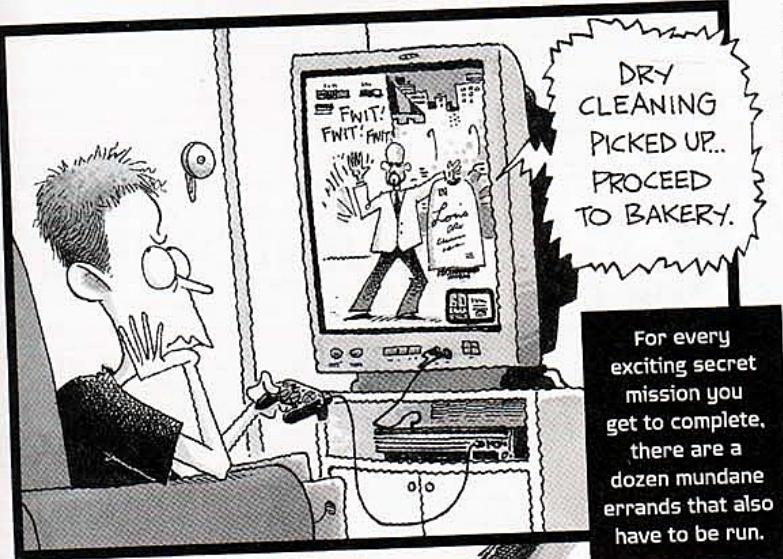
Video games are supposed to be a fun way to blow off steam and kill some time. Or are they? Behind every happy-go-lucky game, there's a twisted, bitter creator who's one cheat code away from completely snapping. So, enjoy your precious gaming — but be on the lookout for the signs of...

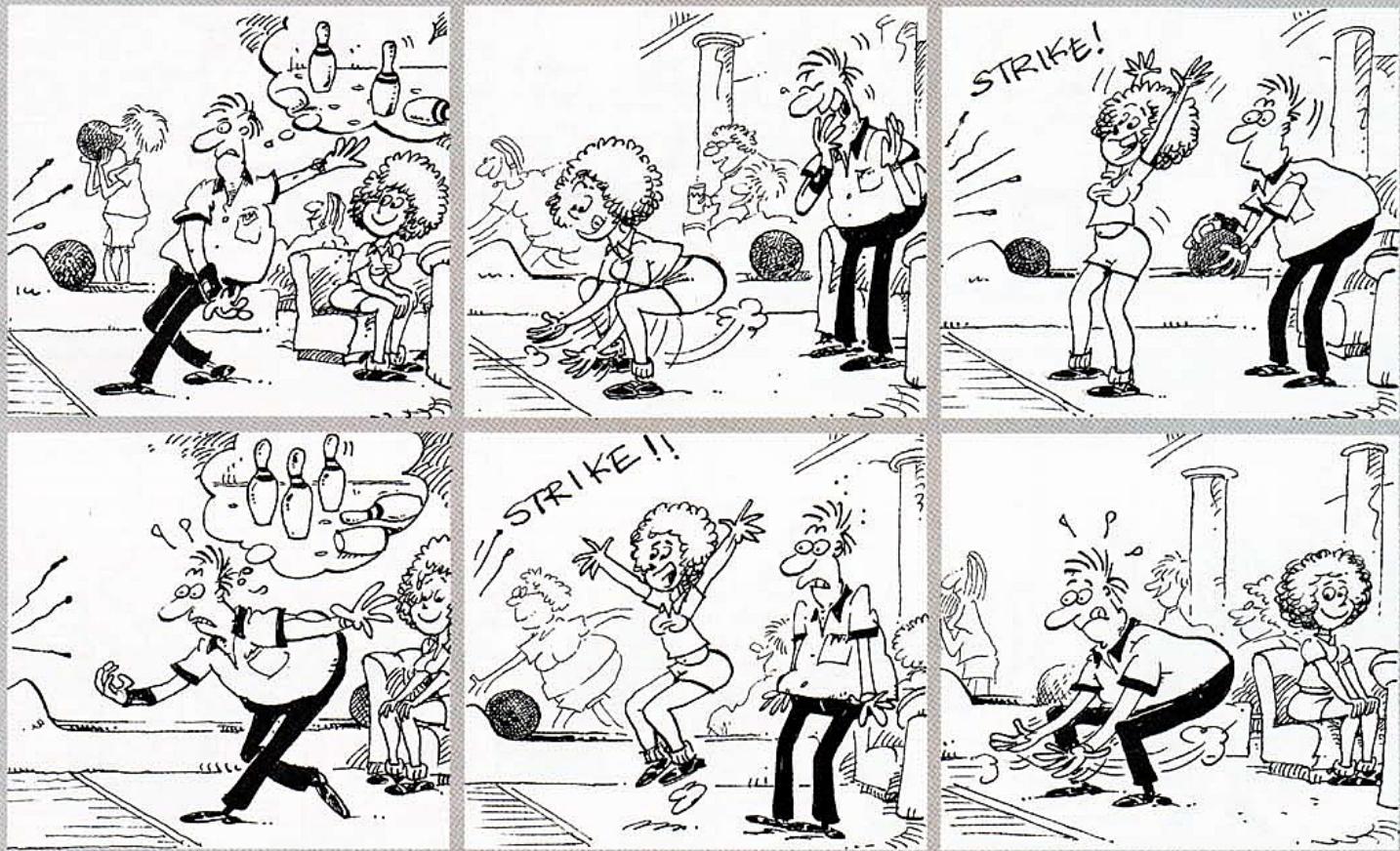
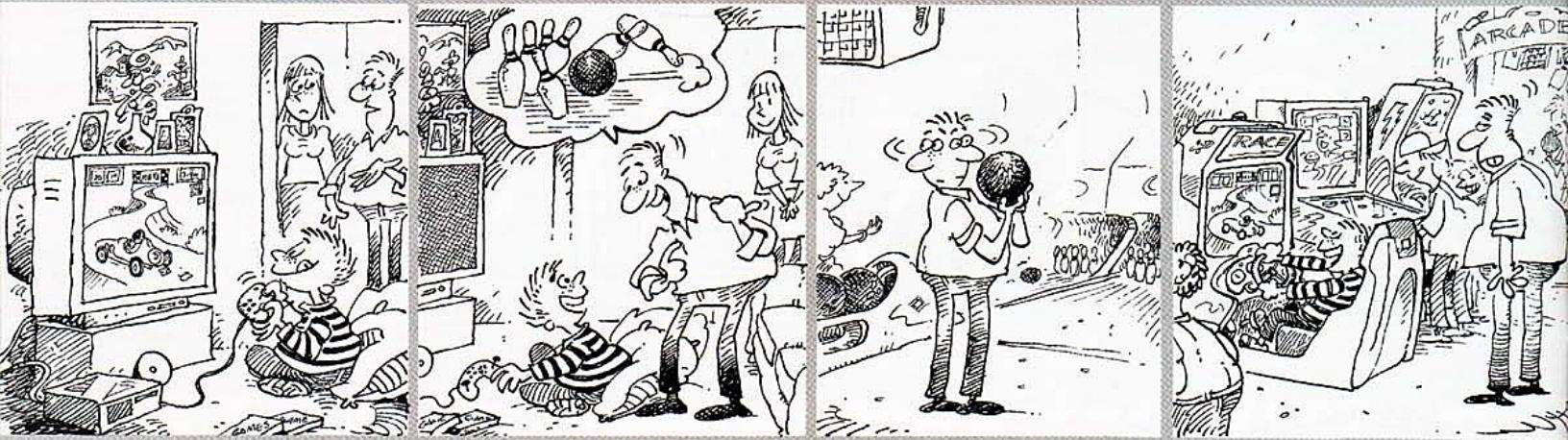
JOHN CALDWELL's

WHEN VIDEO GAME DESIGNERS GO BAD



ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL



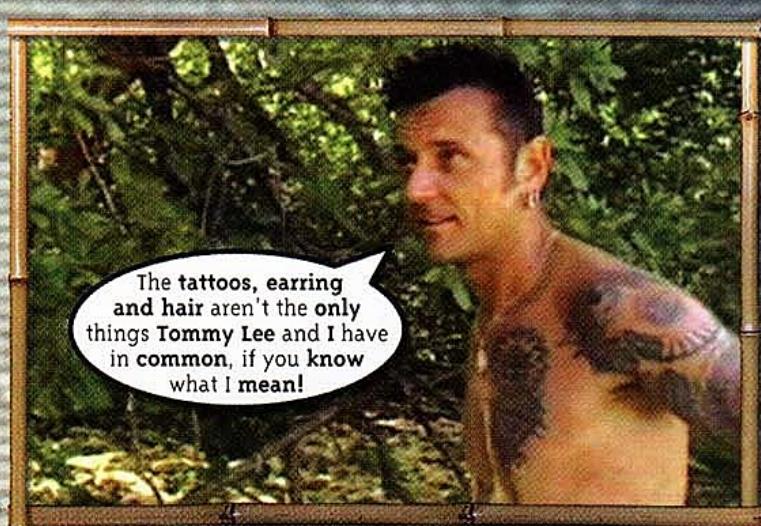
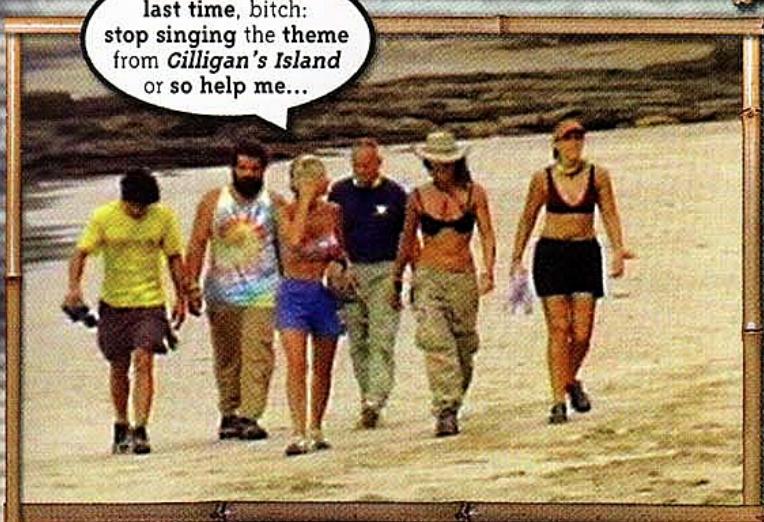
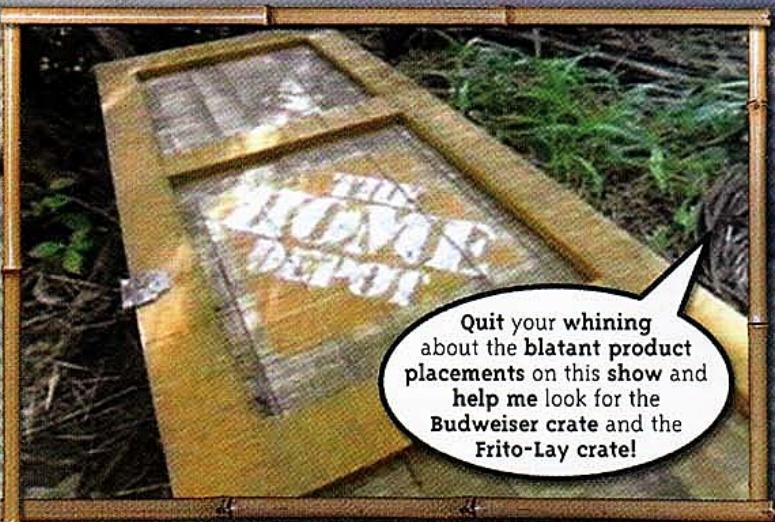
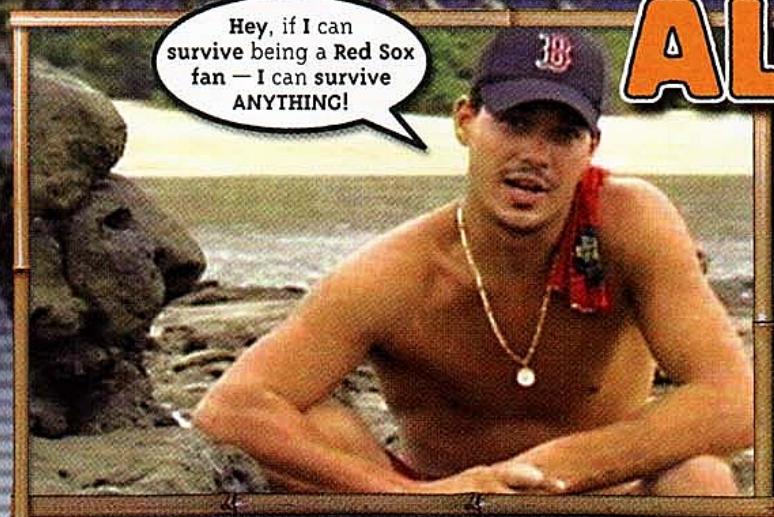


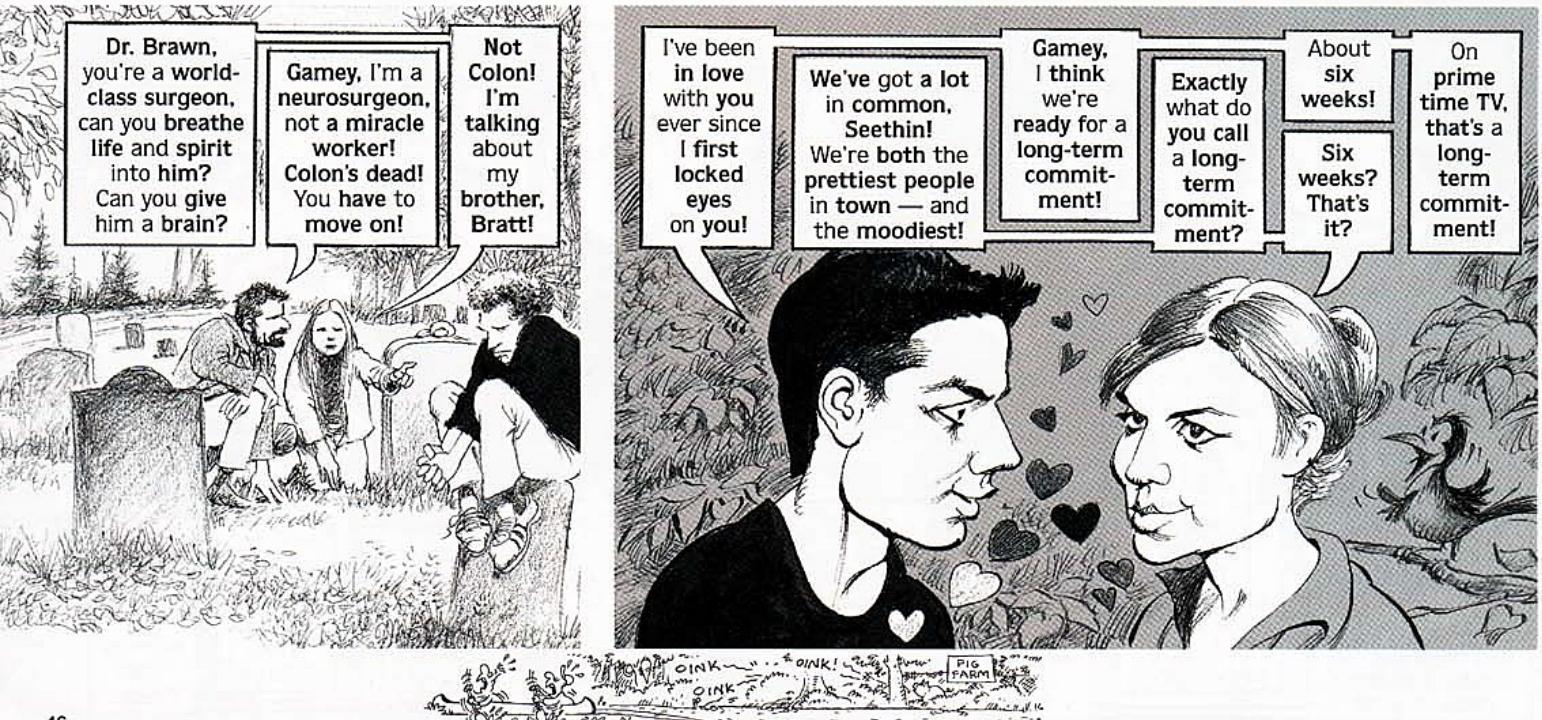
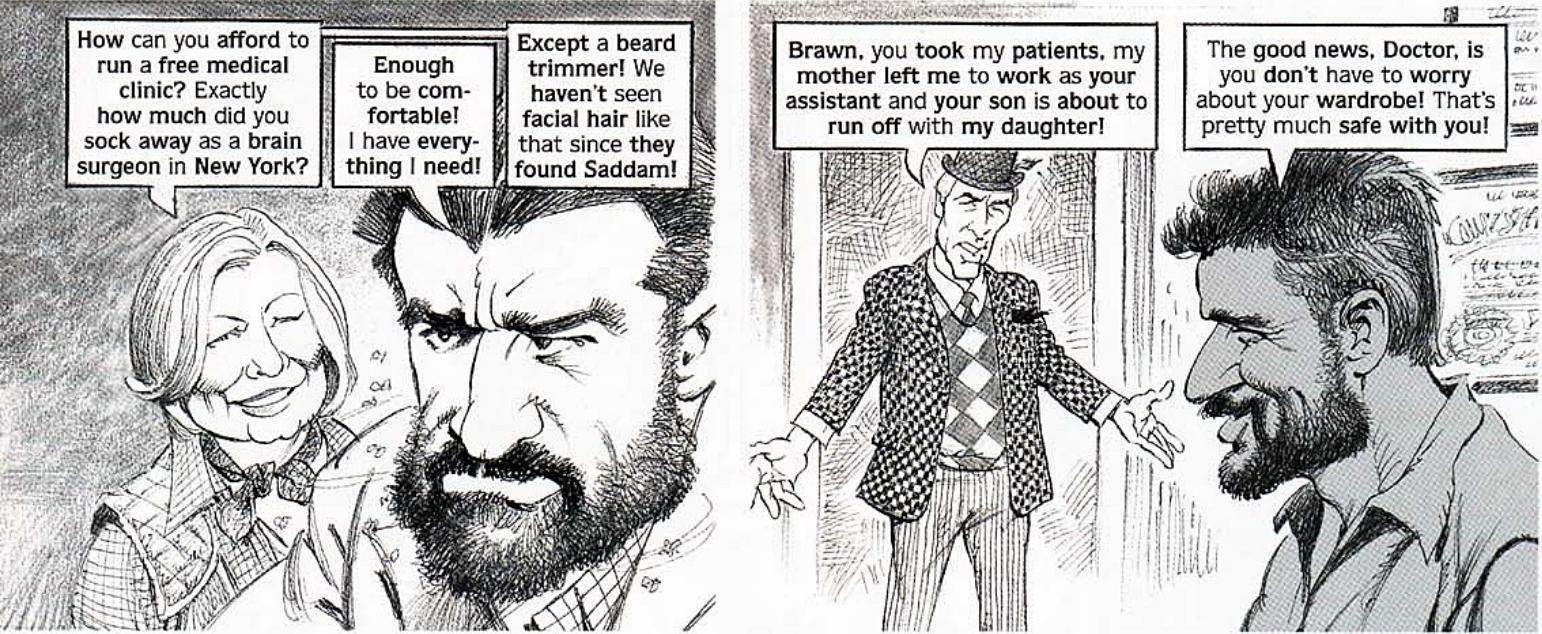
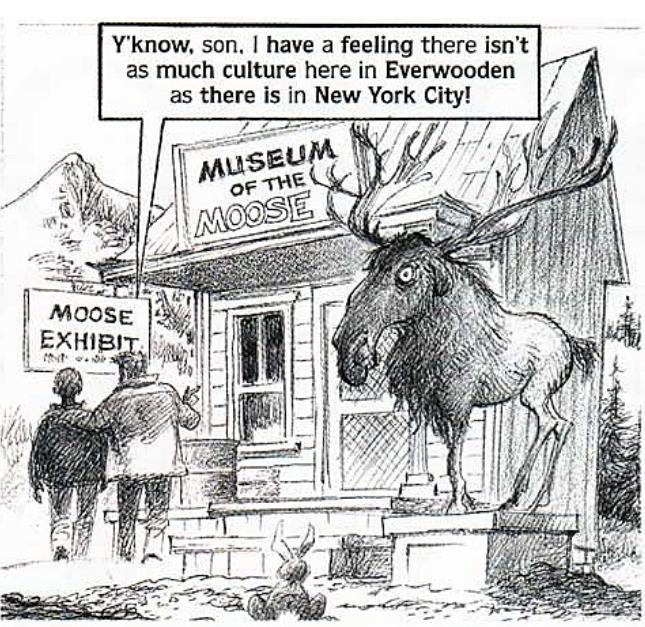
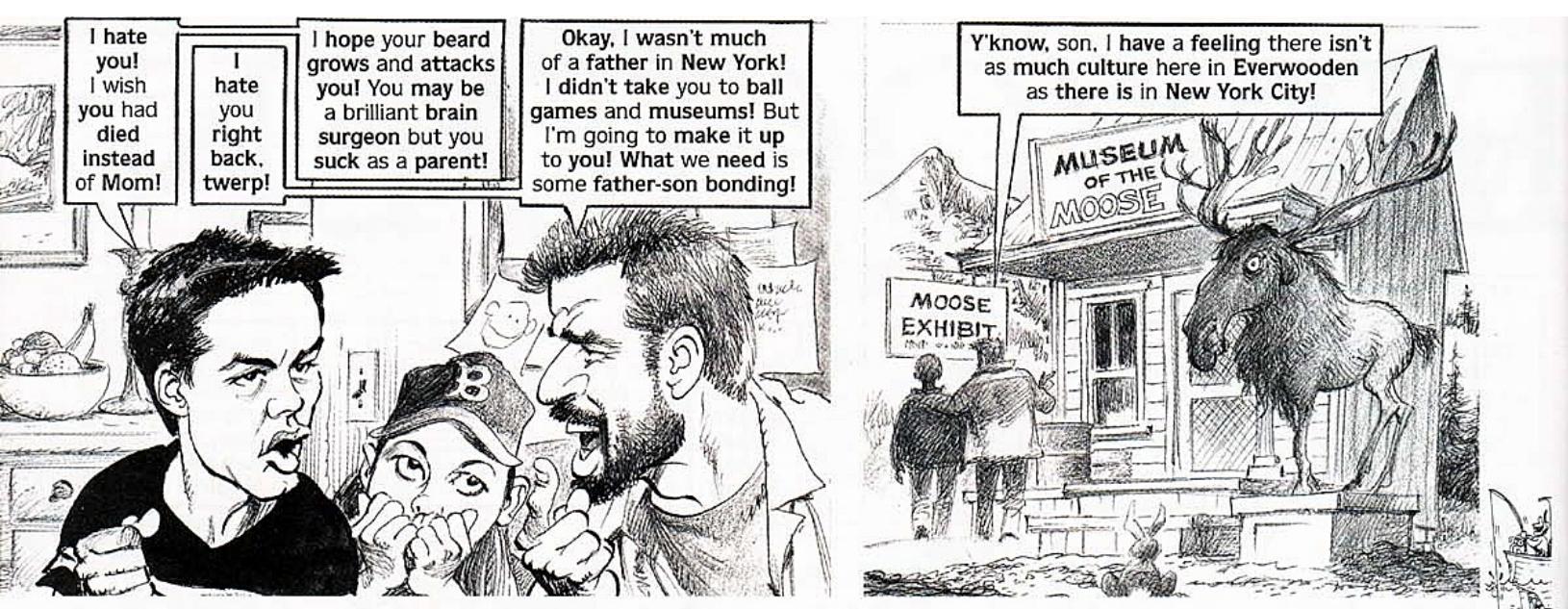
DRAGONES '04.

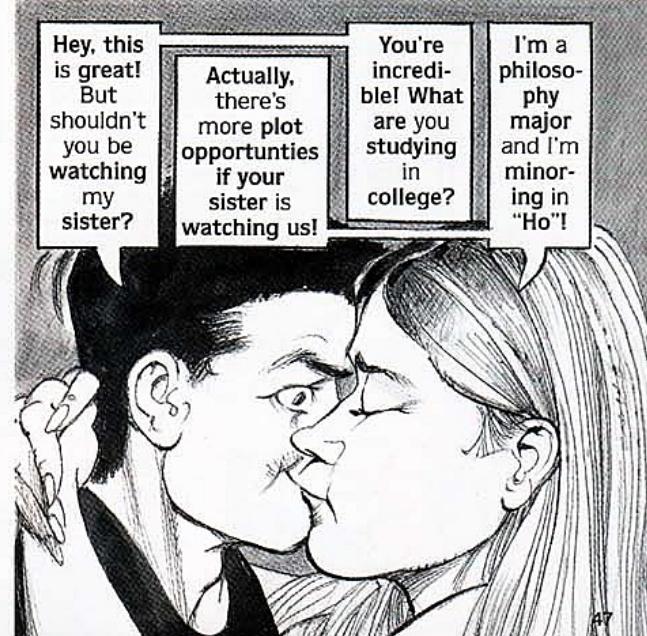
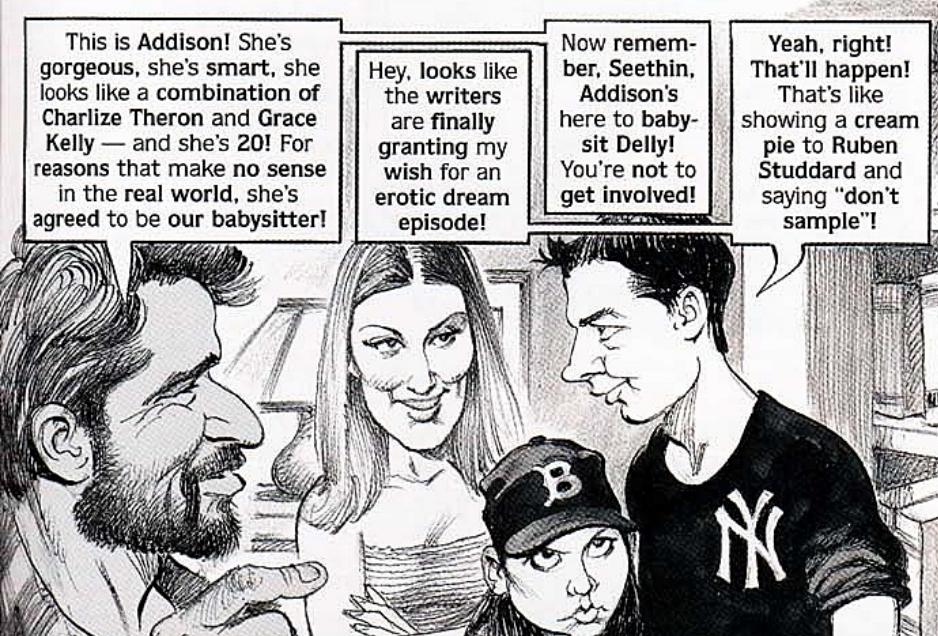
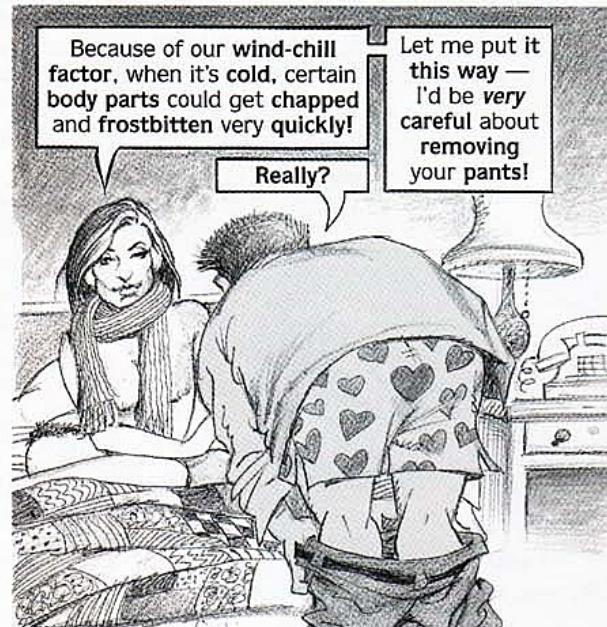
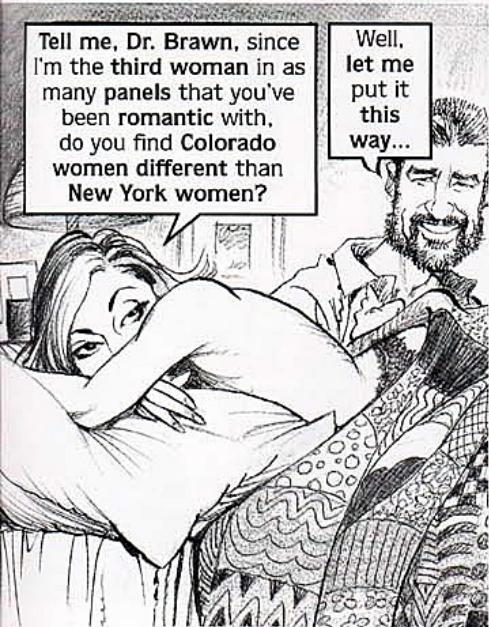
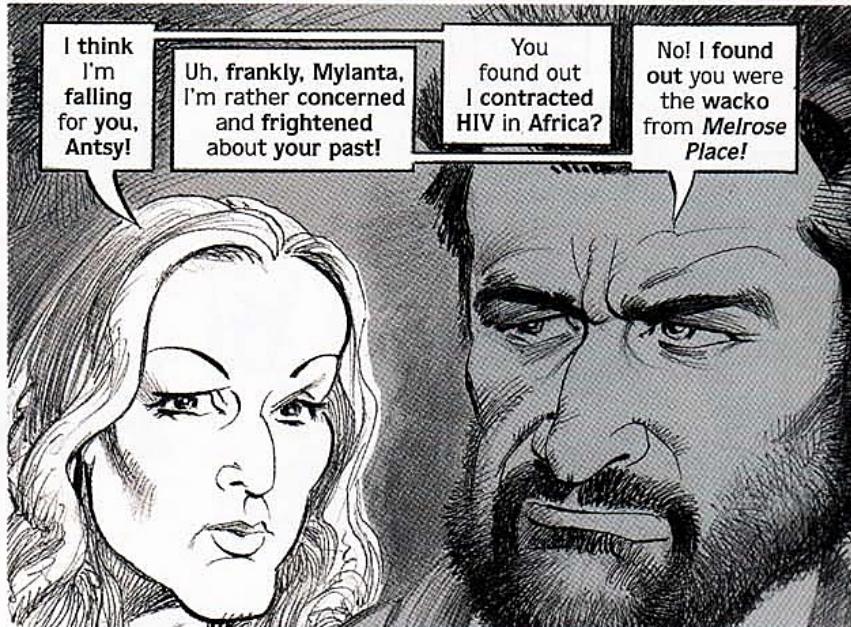
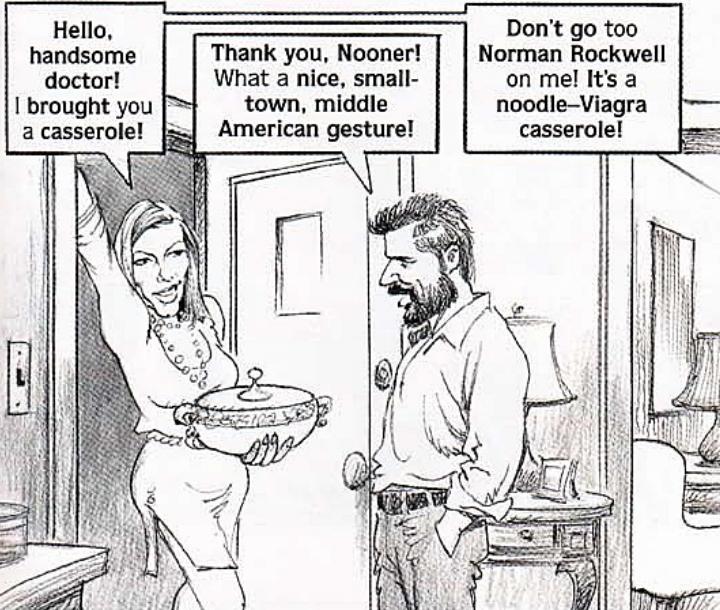


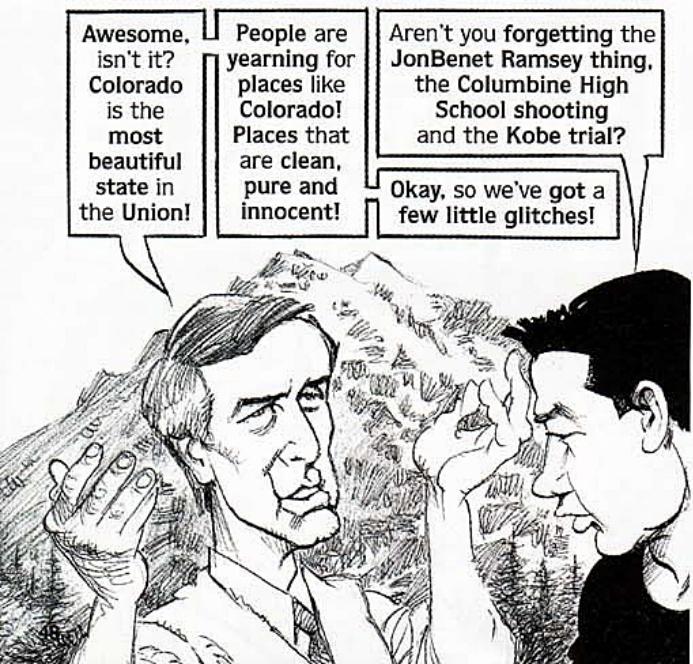
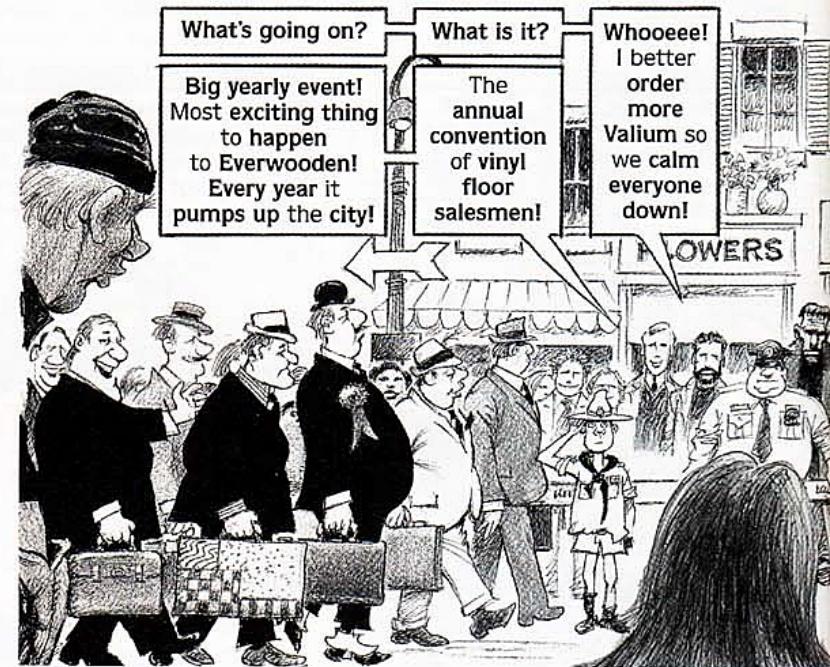
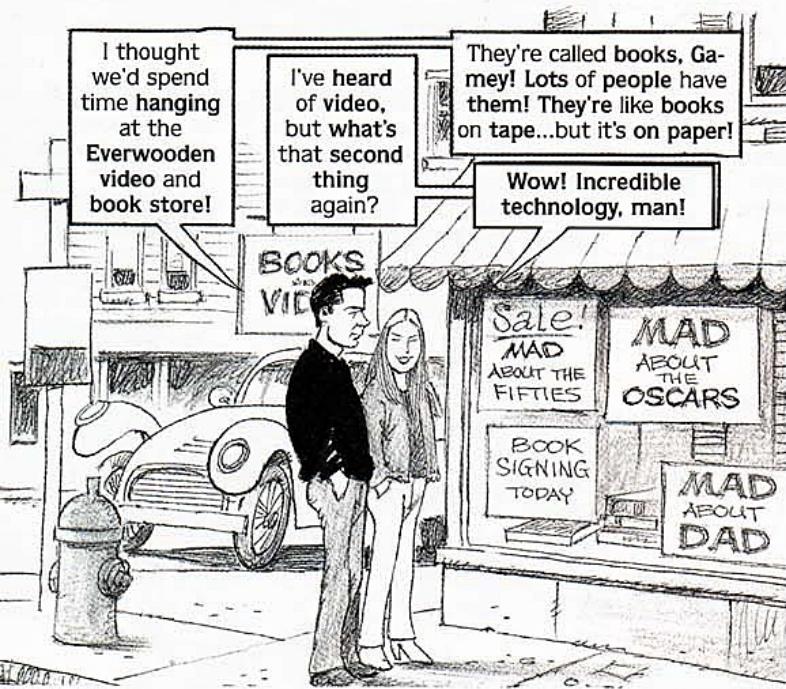
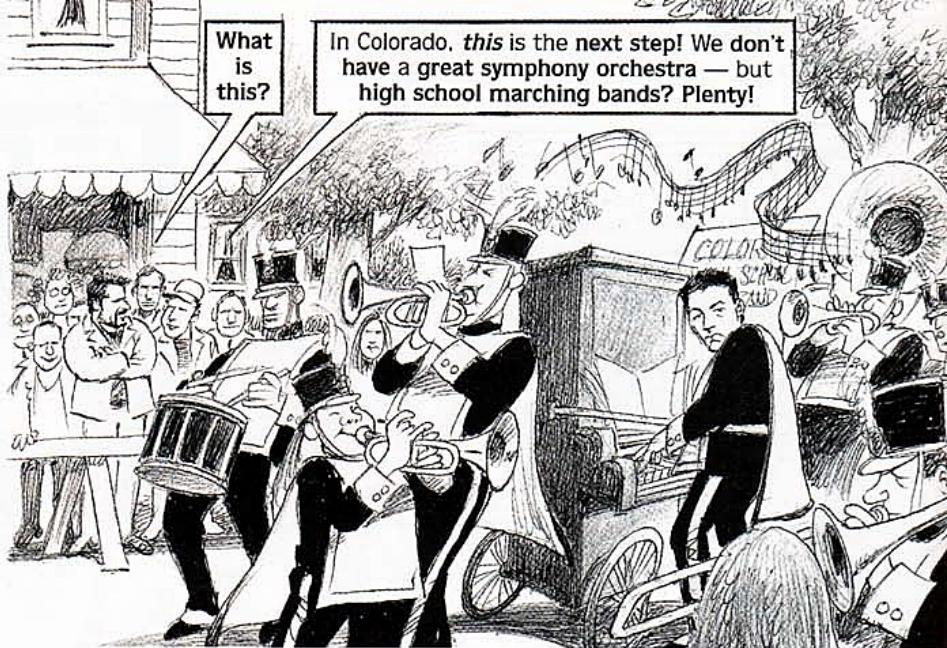
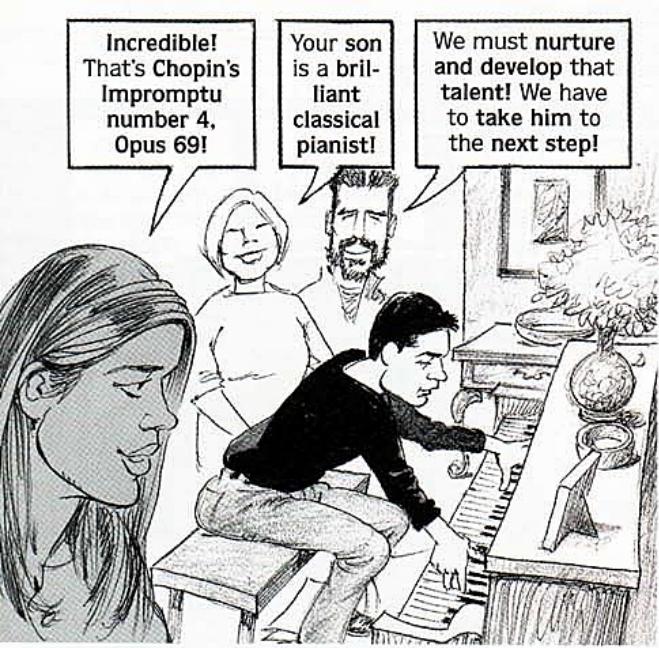
THE TRITE HAS SPOKEN DEPT.

MAD'S LESS-THAN-STELLAR OUTTAKES FROM SURVIVOR ALL-STARS









WHERE ARE
AMERICAN BOYS
UNDER CONSTANT
ATTACK?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Each year, countless young men are shipped off to a hostile environment where they face unspeakable peril and are forced to fend for themselves. To find out where this dangerous struggle takes place, fold page in as shown.



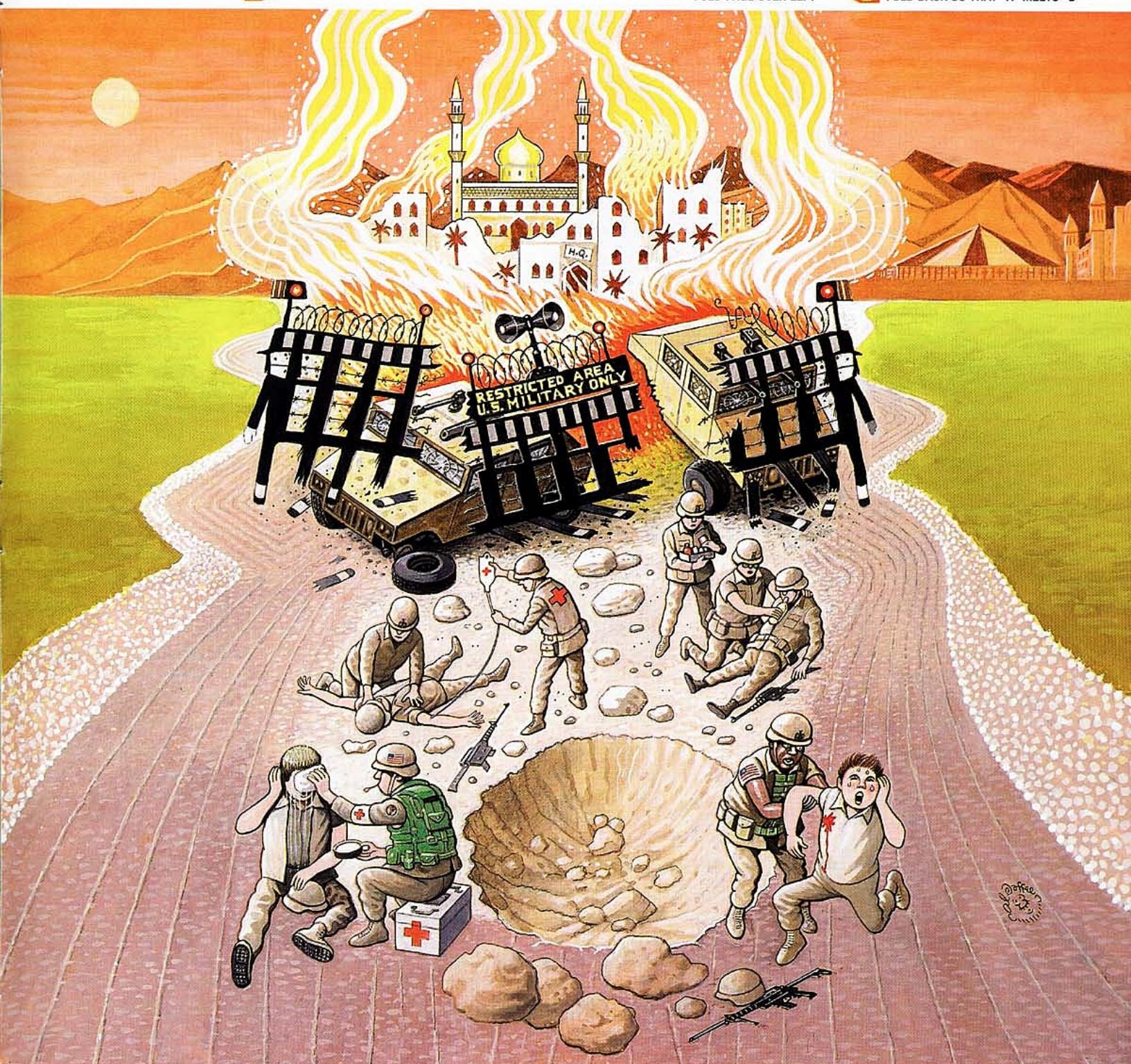
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



NEWS OF ATTACKS ON AMERICAN BOYS IS OVER-
WELMING PUBLIC EMOTIONS. WE'D ALL
LIKE TO SEE IT END. FEARFUL MOTHERS AND
FATHERS OF VICTIMS CLAIM THIS IS
RAPIDLY CREATING AN INTERNATIONAL STENCH

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

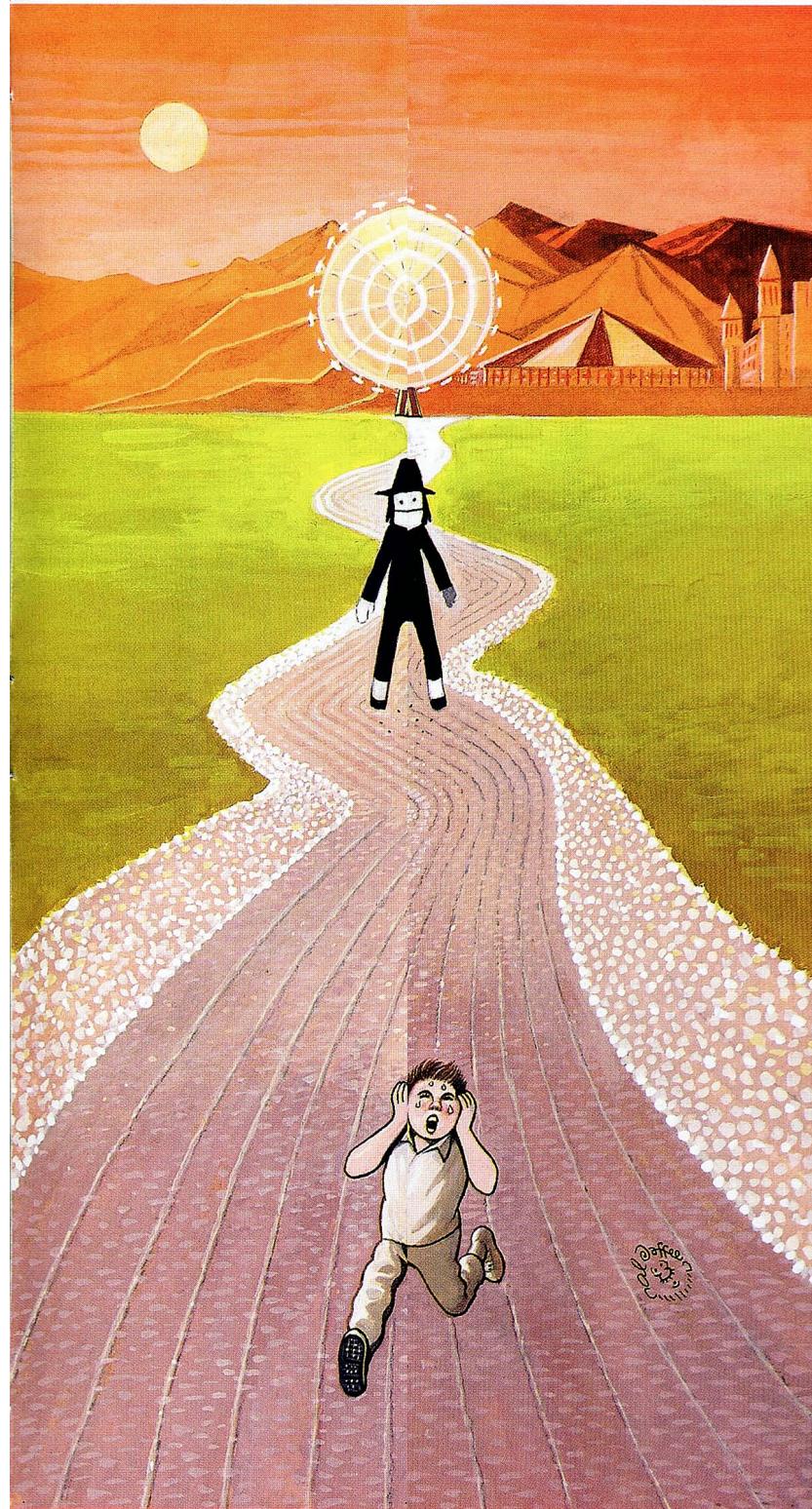
B

WHERE ARE
AMERICAN BOYS
UNDER CONSTANT
ATTACK?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A  FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



NEVER-

LAND

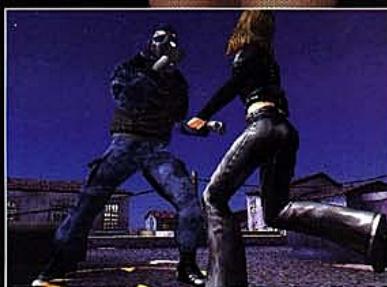
RANCH

A  B

STEALTH BOMBSHELL



PRE-ORDER NOW & RECEIVE A
LIMITED EDITION
**SYDNEY
BRISTOW
POSTER**



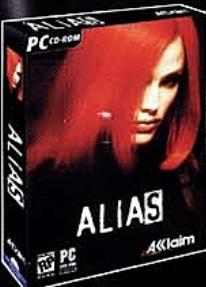
High-impact, motion-captured combat



Spy gadgets, high-tech & makeshift weaponry



Intense camera work from multiple angles



BASED ON AN ORIGINAL STORY FROM THE
CREATORS OF THE SMASH HIT TV SERIES >

She's a stealth bombshell with spy skills. A covert agent with kung-fu moves. For Sydney Bristow life is the deadliest of games—one of infiltration, espionage and action. Now her mission is yours. Go deep into her dangerous world and unlock the secrets behind TV's hottest sensation.

ALIAS™



Violence



Watch
Alias
Sundays
9/8c
on ABC



PlayStation 2

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ALIASTHEGAME.COM

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THE FUNDALION

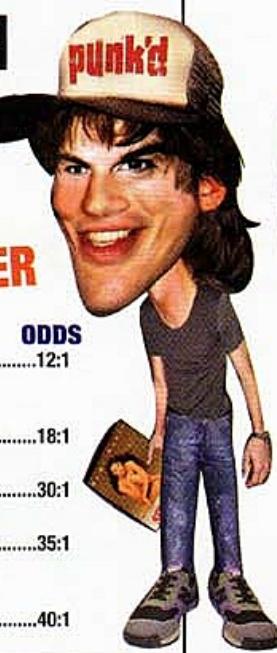
CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

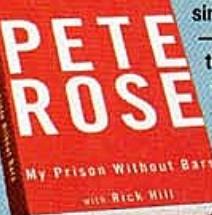
This month:
ASHTON KUTCHER

CAUSE OF DEATH ODDS

| | |
|---|------|
| Trips over Demi Moore's walker..... | 12:1 |
| "Framed," then executed, by Gov. Schwarzenegger as personal favor to Bruce Willis..... | 18:1 |
| Vaporized by North Korean A-bomb in <i>PUNK'D</i> prank gone horribly wrong..... | 30:1 |
| Starves to death after decent haircut and wardrobe-makeover ruin his career..... | 35:1 |
| Explodes in rage after umpteenth time being mistaken for valet parker at own film premiere..... | 40:1 |



THIS MONTH:



BEST SELLERS

CUT DOWN TO SIZE

Fifteen years have passed since the "incidents"

— I've paid my debt. Even though I spent those 15 years lying about those incidents, I want you to believe I suddenly started telling the truth now. I never gave bookies any inside information and I never bet against my team, so as an addicted gambler who broke our national pastime's most sacred rule, I'm a pretty ethical guy. Now pleeeease let me back into baseball.

THE GODFREY REPORT

| IN | FIVE MINUTES AGO | OUT |
|--------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Dirges | Chanties | Rounds |
| Shunning | Public Flogging | Walking the Plank |
| "Screw You!" | "Up Yours!" | "Bite me!" |

BITTERMAN

Wow, what a great day!

No one's bothered me, insulted me, or accused me of anything.

No jag-off has cut in front of me on a bank line. None of my lousy relatives has referred to me as "a good-for-nothing jobless slacker who mooches off his sister all the time."

I haven't heard from my cell phone company, MasterCard, or any of my other creditors.

DIABLO

Feisty 85-lb. Pitbull, male, rescued from an illegal gambling ring. Loves babies!



I guess I better get out of bed.

PUPPY PLACERS

We find homes for abused, neglected, or gassy dogs.

Puppy Placers 555-2744

JUNIOR

2-yr-old male choc. Lab/Shepherd mix, neutered. Loves other dogs, children, your guest's crotch.



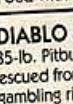
COCOA

Loyal, energetic 4-year-old female English Springer Spaniel mix. Excitedly pees on newly refinished hardwood floor each evening the second you come home from work.



TWO PETS IN ONE

Wilimina is a beautiful 3-yr-old tan/blk Chow Chow mix. Bandit is the little white worm sticking out of her butt. Both love snuggling in bed with you.



SOH

130-lb. next

PAGES

NEW SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE STEREOTYPES

TO REPLACE OLD, SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE STEREOTYPES

SCAPIOAT:



CORRESPONDING STEREOTYPE:

ESKIMOS

CHIMNEYSWEEPS

RHYTHMIC GYMNASTS

Bad at baseball

Close-minded

Stingy with money

EXAMPLE: "My son, Jimmy, isn't doing well in little league. He hits like an Eskimo!"

"I'm racist? You should hear yourself! You sound like a friggin' chimneysweep!"

"Come on Carl, lend me a buck! What are ya, a rhythmic gymnast?"

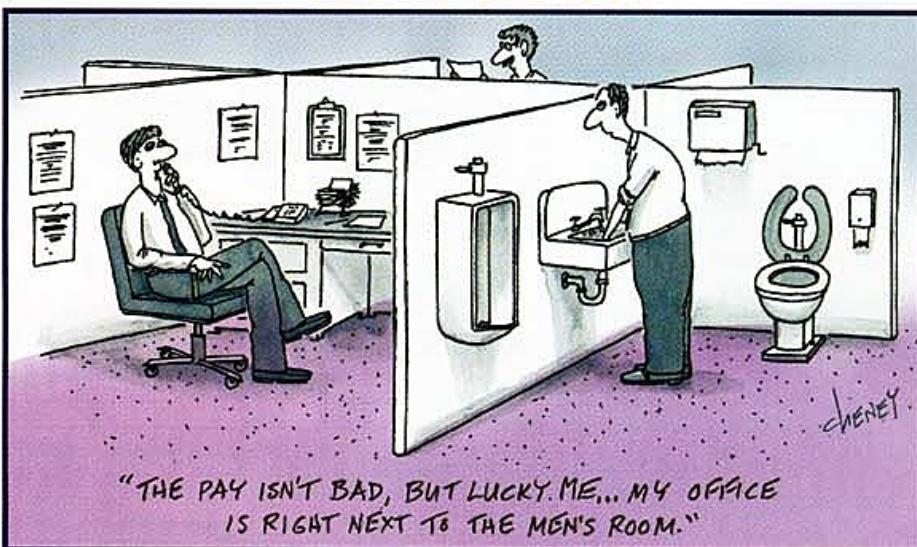
MELVIN & JENKINS' GUIDE TO CULTURE



Jenkins learns much about the long cultural traditions of the sari, turban and other beautiful Indian/Pakistani fashions.

Melvin obnoxiously pushes the dot on his friend's head over and over while yelling "Ding dong! Ding dong!"

PULL MY CHENEY!



THE COVER WE DIDN'T USE



THE PUZZLE NOOK

Which of the 4 choices best completes this phrase?

? NEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

1. MO
2. DICK CHE
3. AN ATTOR
4. BAR





Spies, counterspies; plots, counterplots; schemes and counter-schemes, it's all so confusing! Who's good this week? Who's bad this week? Who's alive this week that was dead last week? Just trying to figure out what's happening from week to week is what's...

AILING-US



I never brag, but I would like to make everyone in the room aware of my latest astonishing accomplishment! Using one of our spy satellites, I have found a way to zoom in close enough to take a picture of anyone's retina on this entire planet! Then we can get a duplicate retina which our agents can use to fool even the most protected security systems! And the best news of all is that we've teamed up with Lens-Crafters, so it can done in about an hour!

I left the agency when I thought Sinly was dead! I needed a rest, so I taught school for a while! Teaching turned out to be the ideal thing to do! I learned more about hand-to-hand combat, concealing weapons and firearms use from those public school students than I ever did in CIA training!

I would like to remind Director Fix-em that, like Sinly, I can be counted on to help in any way possible also! And I would like everyone to know that, unlike Sinly, I'm not here because my father is a senior agent with a lot of pull! I'm here because my husband, Vain, has a lot pull! And because the producer's know that sparks between a wife and her husband's former lover can far exceed any sparks between spies and counterspies!

I called this emergency meeting because I got word that NSC used their DSL to infiltrate a KGB affiliate! Unfortunately they came up SOL, so I ordered KFC while I await further instructions via my PDA! OK?

Morning, everyone! You may have noticed I came in by crashing through the ceiling! To keep in tiptop practice, I never enter a room through a door! Now that I'm here, I'm ready to help in any way I can, Chief Mark-us! As you can see, I saved time by coming to this meeting in my sexy black underwear! Since I always manage to strip down to it in at least one scene per episode, doing it this way can save valuable seconds!

I'm saving time too by sitting in on this meeting even though I know I don't belong here! I once tried to bring down this agency when I headed the subversive WD-40! But now I've suddenly turned good guy and am involved...some may say shoehorned, into every episode! So, me being here saves even more valuable time, too! By the way, security here sucks! I told the security guards that my position here was so top secret that no photos or information about me could ever be recorded! So I got in by flashing a blank piece of paper for identification! The idiots bought it!



I would like to go on record by stating that my daughter is here because of her superior talents in tracking down and eliminating enemies of our nation! I didn't lift a finger to help her get this job! And the rumor that I sabotaged a computer that was about to reveal my daughter slitting the throat of a foreign agent is totally false! Er, I just said that in case such a ridiculous rumor does start!

Trust me, I don't know what I'm doing at this meeting, or even in this series! I'm not pretty enough to be a leading man type, and I'm not ugly enough to be a villain! I guess the producers felt it would be nice to have at least one character who's not carrying a grudge, out for revenge, nursing a giant ego, or working to see someone dead! Call me Special Agent Average Joe!

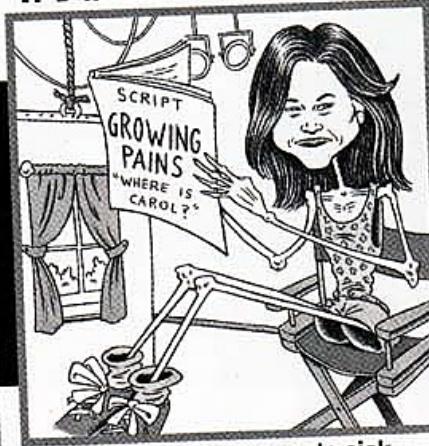


If you've turned on your TV lately (and if you haven't, what are you doing — reading?) you may have noticed that comedies are getting more dramatic, dramas are getting more comedic and reality shows are getting, uh, less real! And since they all draw from the same limited menu of human situations, it's getting harder to tell one type of entertainment from another. There are telltale signs to help you determine what type of program or made-for-TV movie you're watching, though. It's a guide we creatively refer to as...

IT'S A COMEDY!

IT'S A COMEDY...

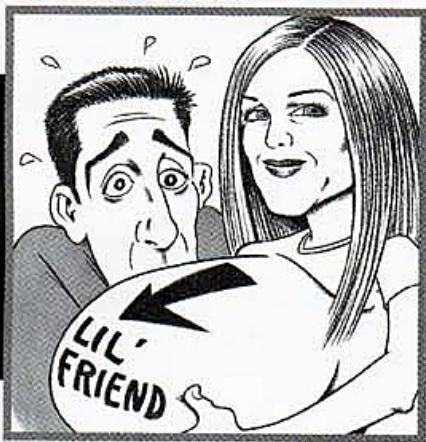
...when someone gets sick from eating too much.

IT'S A DRAMA...

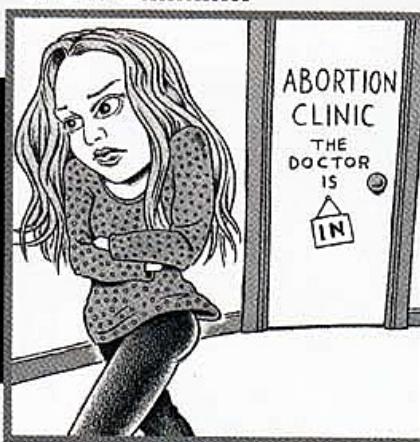
...when someone gets sick from eating too little.

IT'S A REALITY SHOW...

...when someone gets sick from eating frog testicles.

IT'S A COMEDY...

...if she keeps it.

IT'S A DRAMA...

...if she aborts it.

IT'S A REALITY SHOW...

...if there are cameras in the room either way.

IT'S A COMEDY...

...when the hookers are gorgeous and personable.

IT'S A DRAMA...

...when the hookers are gorgeous and murderous.

IT'S A REALITY SHOW...

...when the hookers are ugly and missing teeth.

IT'S A DRAMA!

ARTIST: RICK TULKA
WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO

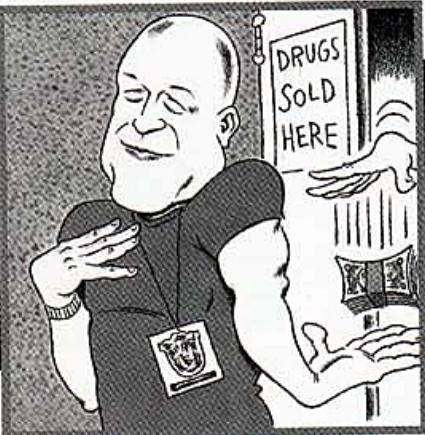
IT'S A REALITY SHOW!

It's a Comedy...



...when the cops are buffoons.

It's a Drama...



...when the cops are corrupt.

It's a Reality Show...



...when the cops are involved in high-speed chases of shirtless drunk men.

It's a Comedy...



...if dreams of meeting a husband come true.

It's a Drama...



...if dreams of meeting a husband come with complications.

It's a Reality Show...



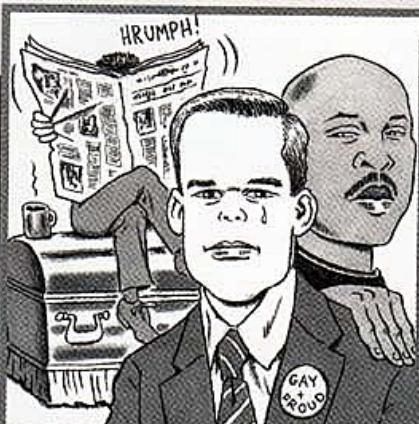
...if dreams of meeting a husband come with an elimination round.

It's a Comedy...



...when the gay guy gets the best lines.

It's a Drama...



...when the gay guy gets the cold shoulder.

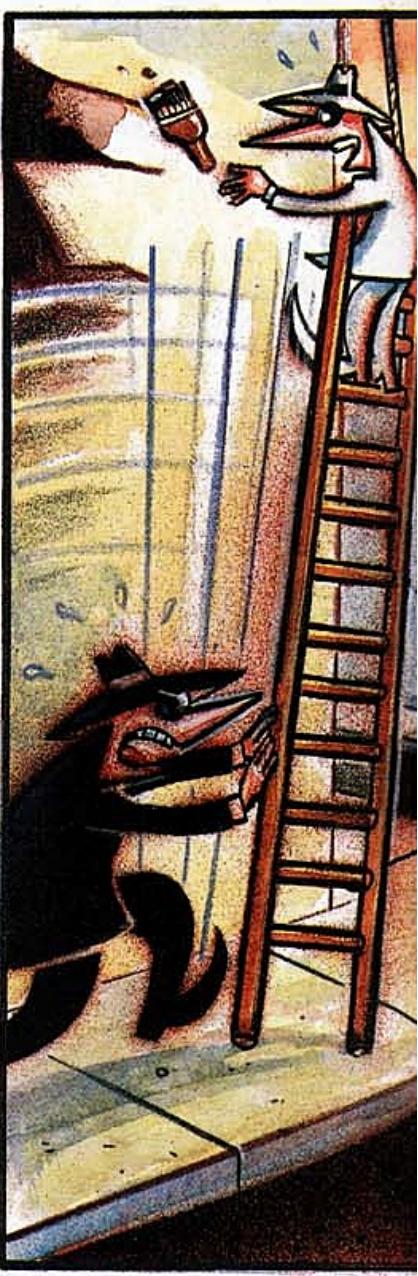
It's a Reality Show...

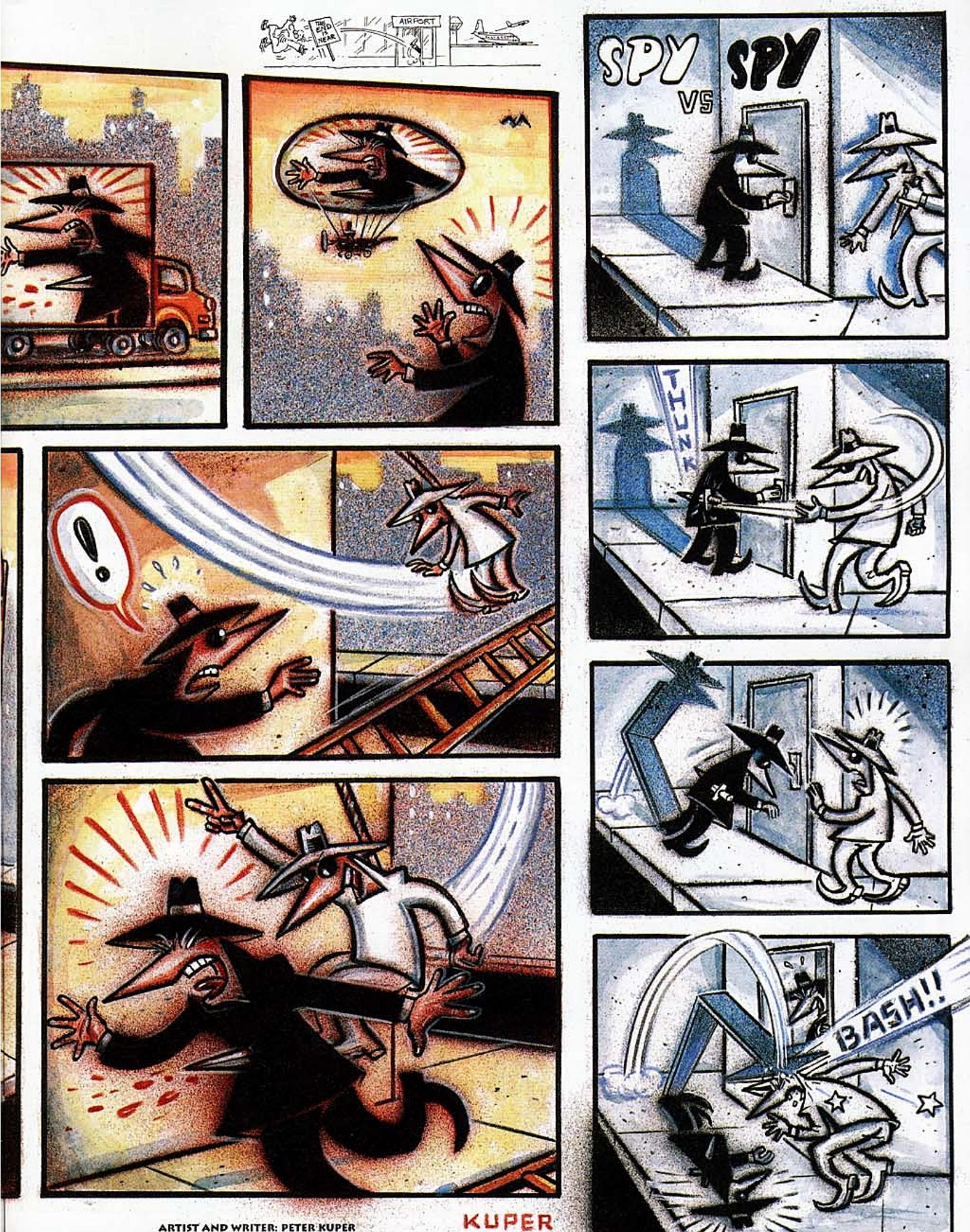


...when you get to figure out who the gay guy is.



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.







Here's our latest look at a show you'd think would be bursting with spontaneity, surprises and an anything-goes outlook, but is actually a rigidly-planned, pre-programmed snoreathon! Don't believe us? Our handy minute-by-minute breakdown will explain all as, once again...

MAD De TVTalkS

11:00

The E! show opens with a clip showing the funniest part of the upcoming episode. This excerpt will be repeated 8 minutes later, going into the first commercial. Then again, coming out of the commercial, then twice more before and after the second commercial. By the time you see the moment for real during the show, it's nearly almost really close to being as surprising and hilarious as ever.



11:02

The first look at Howard. Using NASA data recognition technology, the E! Network has located the one camera angle in existence where Howard's nose doesn't look like a prize-winning cucumber. Enjoy it. That's the only angle you'll be seeing Howard's head at for the next half hour.



11:03

The first guest enters. The guest could be absolutely anybody from the world of music, movies, TV, politics or sports. 49 out of 50 times, however, it's either a stripper, an internet stripper, a porn actress, or an internet stripper turned porn actress.



11:06

No episode is complete without the fateful question, "Are you wearing any panties?" To avoid being inappropriate, whenever the guest is someone like Rudy Giuliani, Howard respectfully changes the inquiry to "Are you wearing any panties, Mr. Mayor?"



11:09

As we're treated to the one fleeting half-second glimpse of Fred Norris per episode, viewers can admire the state-of-the-art supercomputer system he uses behind the scenes, and appreciate the thousands of man-hours of cutting-edge research and technology developed by America's best minds, all so Fred can digitally catalogue his fart tapes.



constructs hows

THIS
MONTH:

HOWARD
STERN

ON



11:10

Huzzah! The stripper guest's clothes come off.

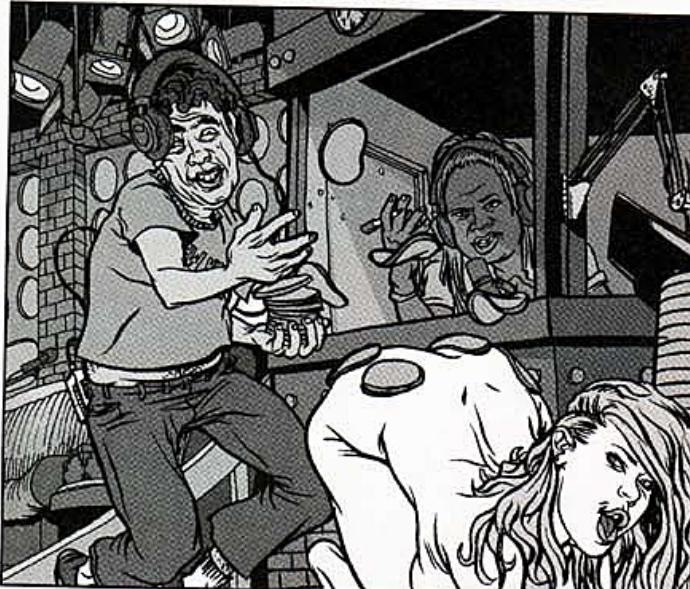
And an entire generation of kids will grow up to be shocked when they discover that breasts are not covered by lots of little shaky blue squares.



11:12

It's usually around this time that viewers realize they've seen this episode before. And seen it.

And seen it. Despite Howard doing about 700 fresh hours a year on the radio, E! only extracts 2% of it for the TV show. But then, when you think of timeless television moments that can be enjoyed again and again, the three classics that instantly spring to mind have got to be Lucy and Ethel wrapping chocolates on an assembly line, Ralph Kramden playing golf with Norton, and Ta Ta Toothy throwing slices of bologna on a girl's ass.



11:13

Howard, in full drool, tells the skank, "Oh baby, if only I wasn't a married man, I'd be on top of you in five seconds." But now that he's divorced and single, and STILL doing absolutely nothing with them, E!'s policy of endlessly recycling old shows merely reminds us what a gutless blowhard he always was.



11:16

After the break, the inane E! "news" crawl

suddenly appears along the bottom of the screen. Here, viewers learn that Stockard Channing will be making a guest appearance during the upcoming season of *Yes, Dear*. And it's good to know that Ray Romano was recently spotted eating pesto.

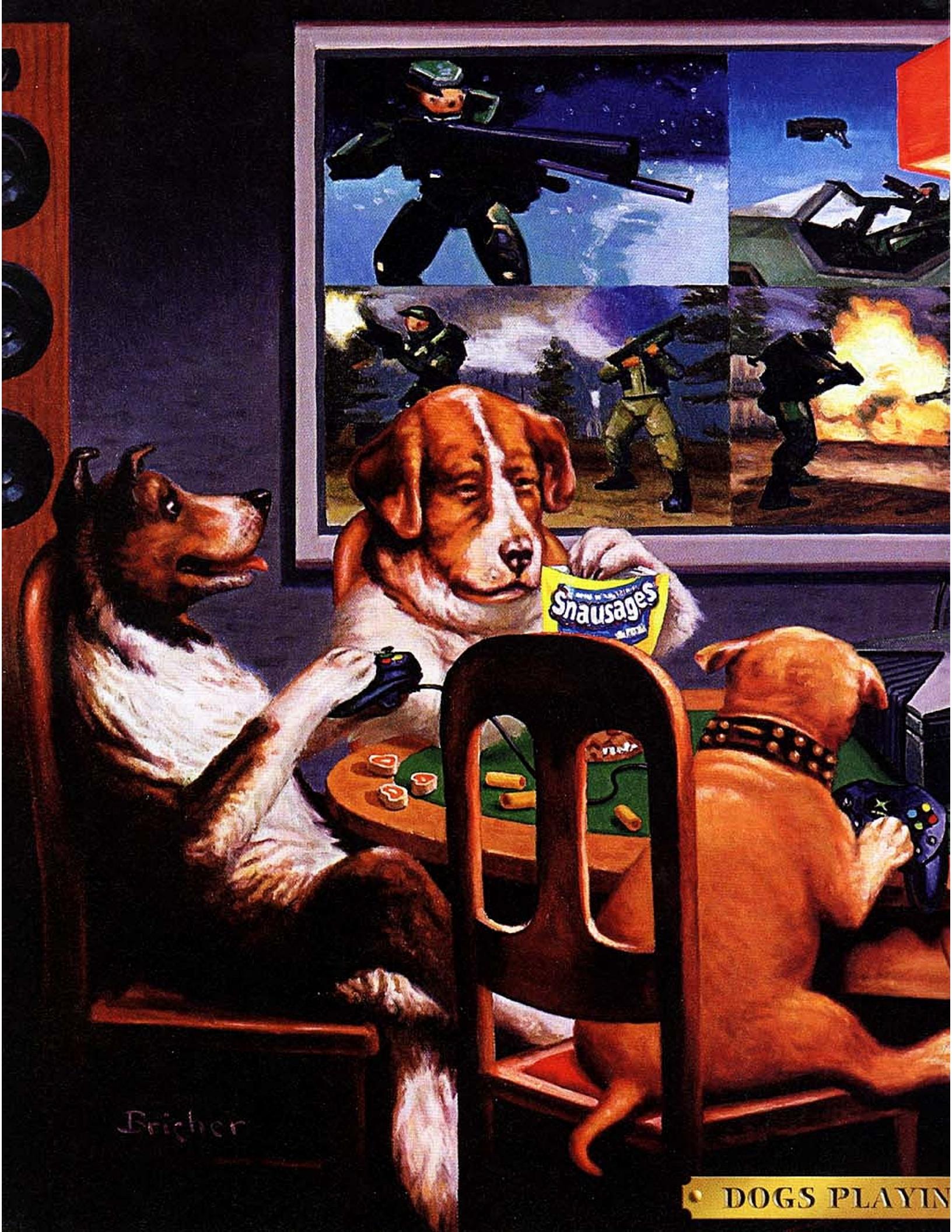


...Sources report no cavities found during Gwyneth Paltrow's dental checkup...

11:17

Bloated sidekick Artie Lange is seen whooping it up over the naked lady. If you hit the mute button on your remote, you can actually hear the faint, far-off sounds of an unemployed Jackie the Jokeman screaming in agony, before shooting out the screen of his TV like Elvis used to.





Bricker

DOGS PLAYIN



G VIDEO GAM

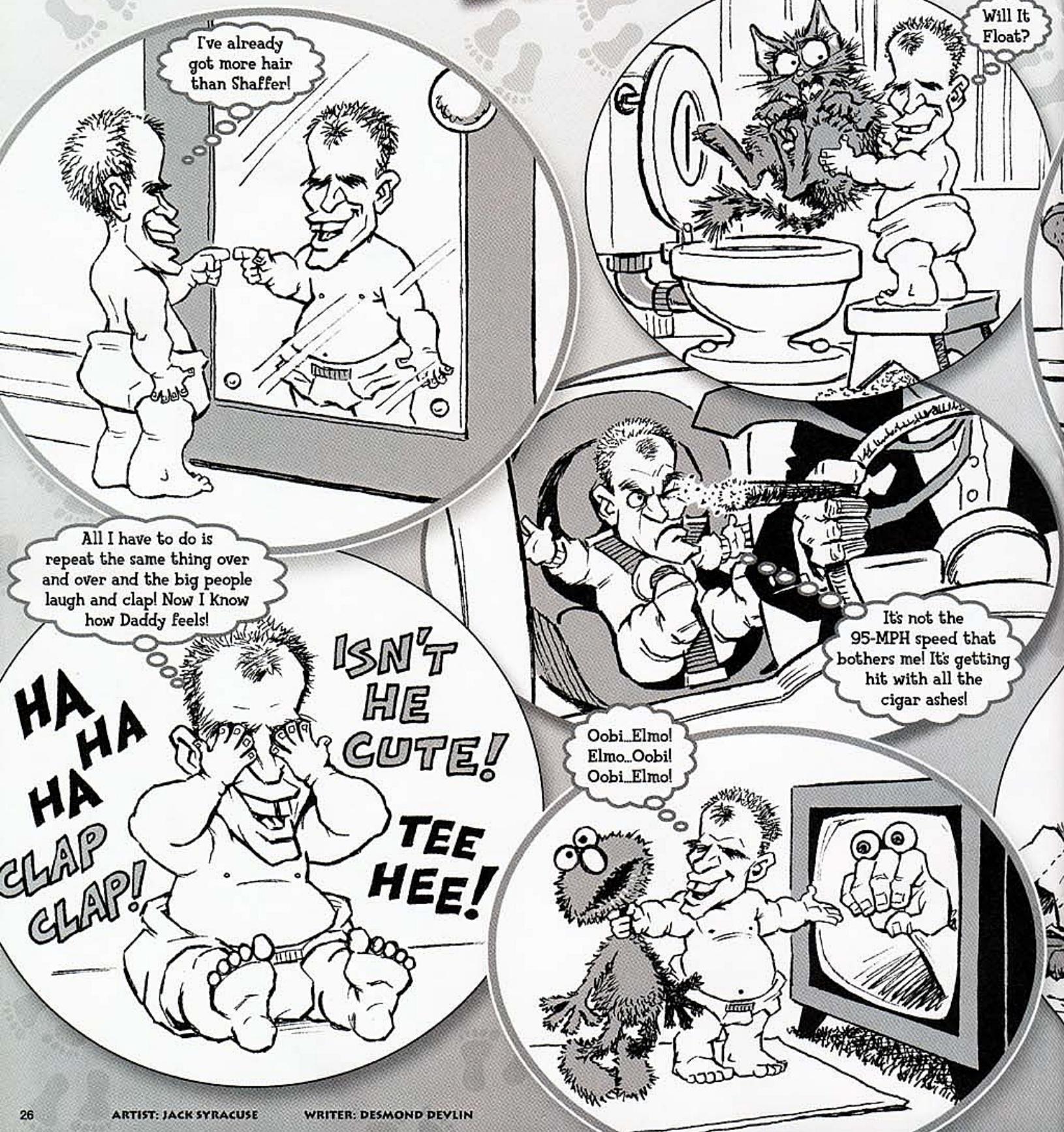
A
MAD
POSTER



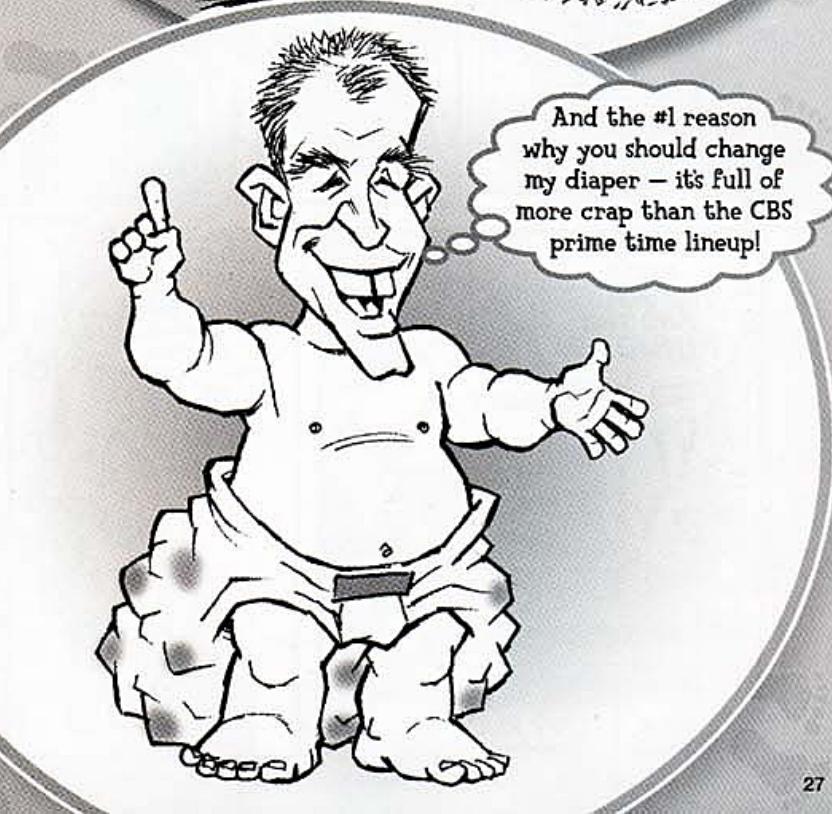
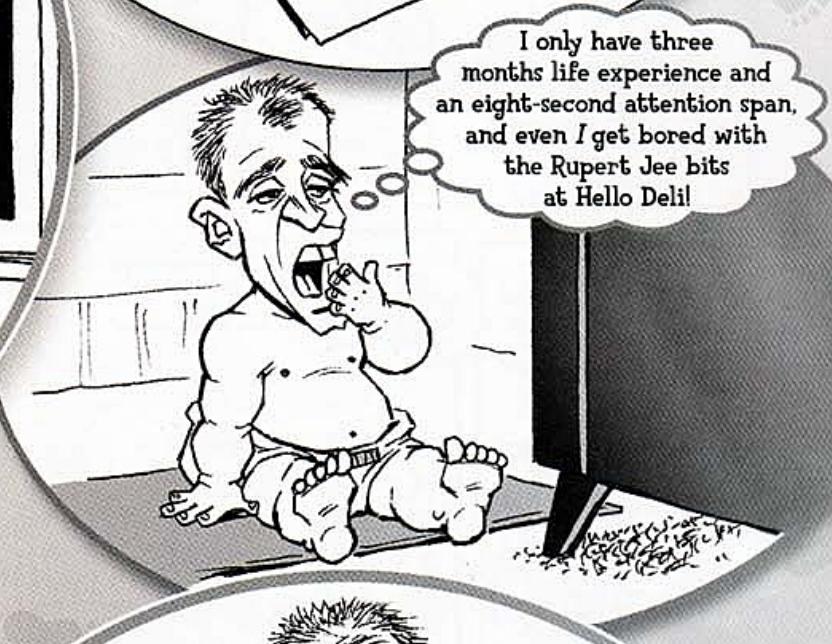
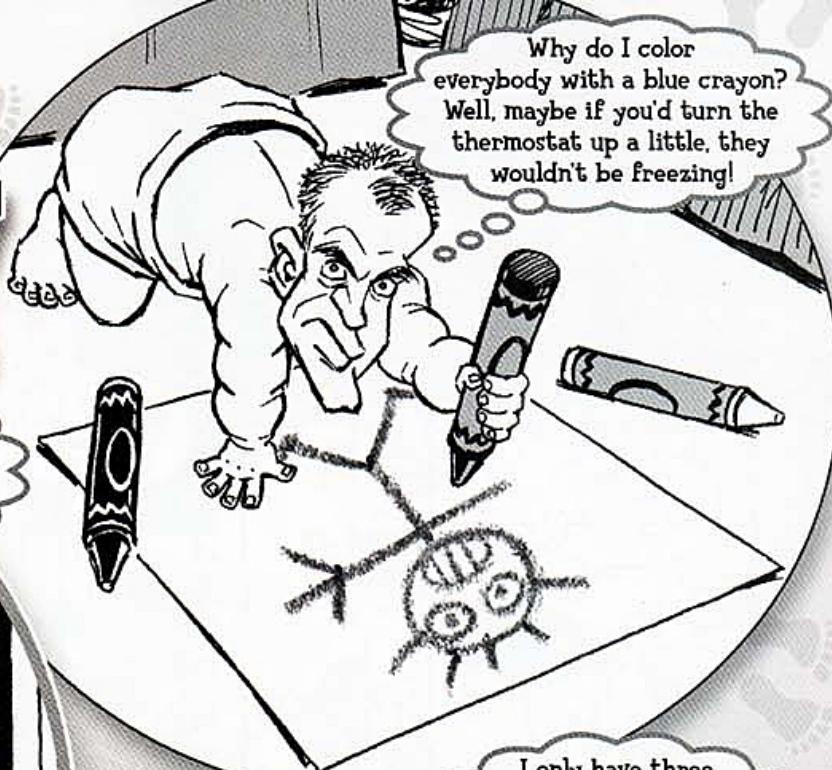
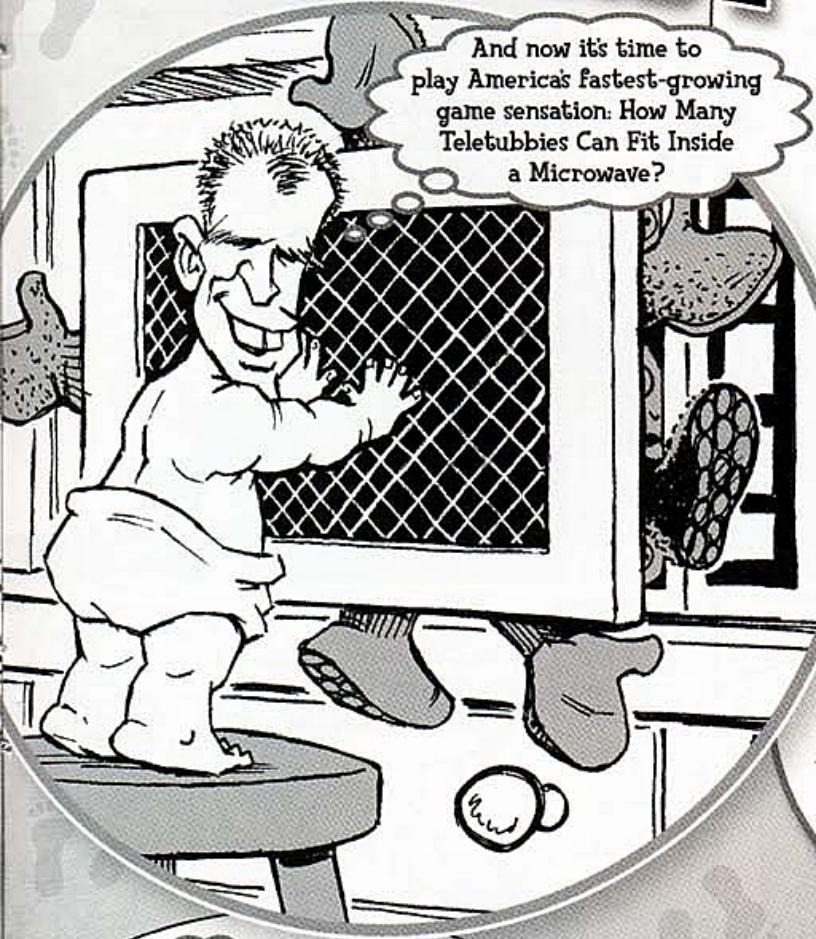
There's a cranky, demanding fella with a receding hairline in the Letterman house these days. Or should we say, a new one! David Letterman and his longtime girlfriend have had a baby boy, and we're betting little Letterbaby has the same set of communication skills, quick wit and bitter disdain for being alive as Papa Davel So now, from the home nursery in Wilton, Connecticut, we present...

A Day in the Life of...

DAVID LETTER



MAN'S BABY



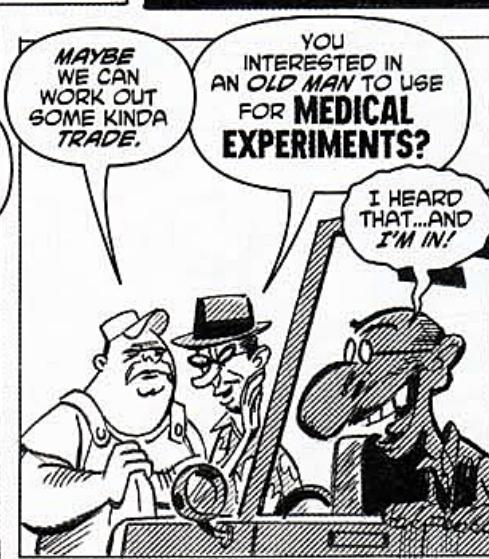


ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPT.

Check
your
oily skin
every
three
thousand
miles.
It's...

MONROE

and...



THE MECHANIC



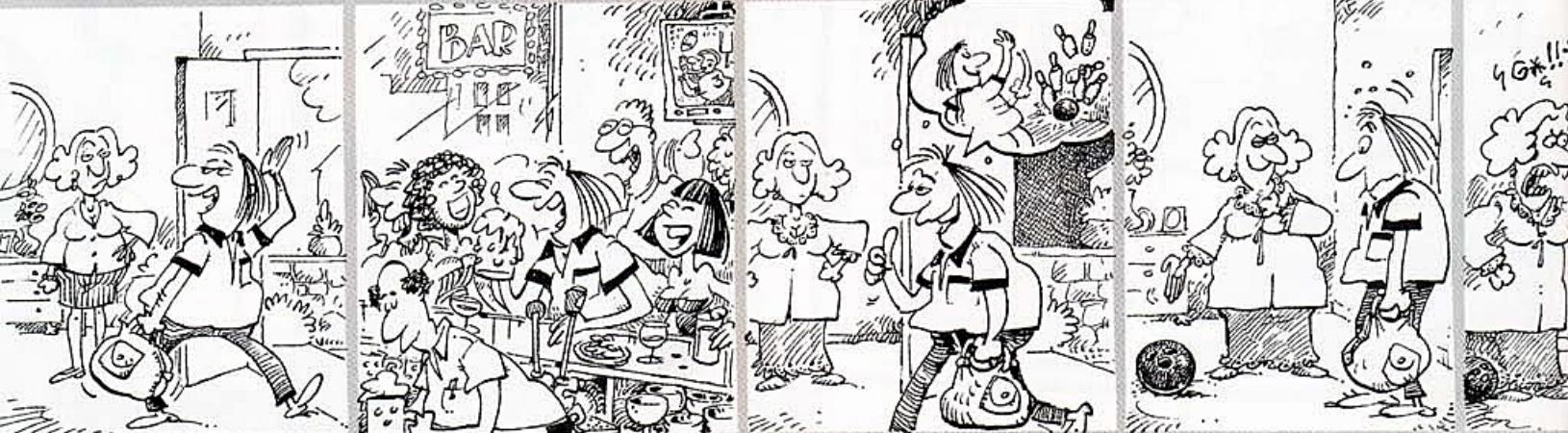




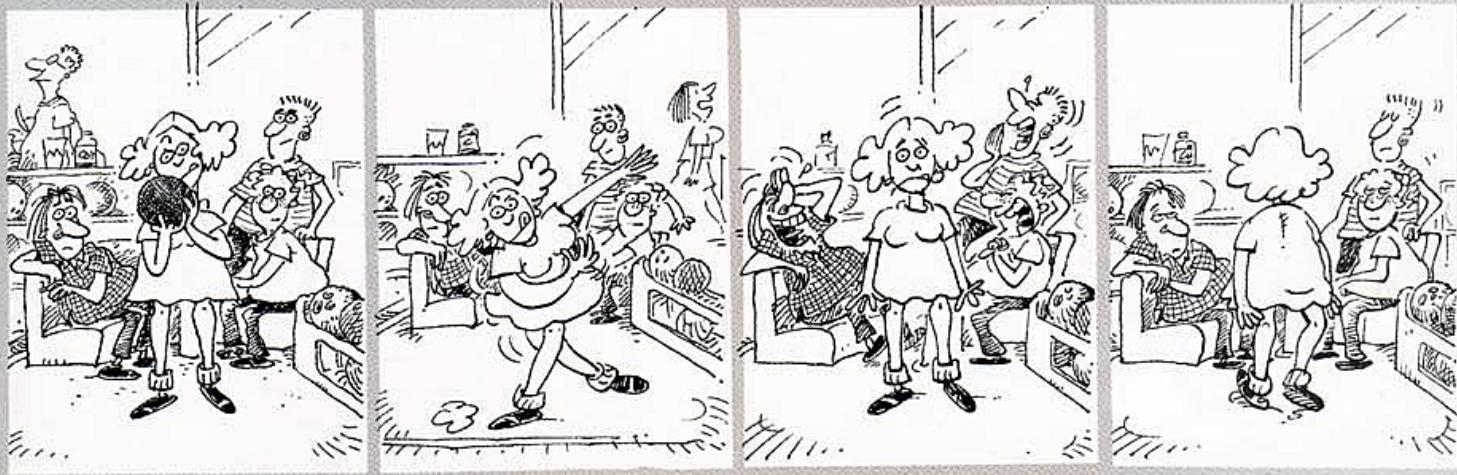


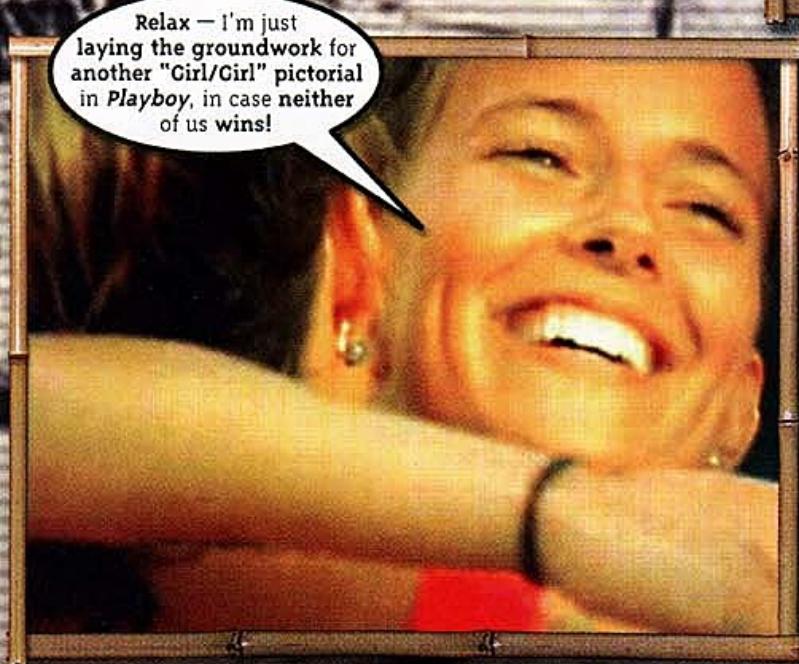
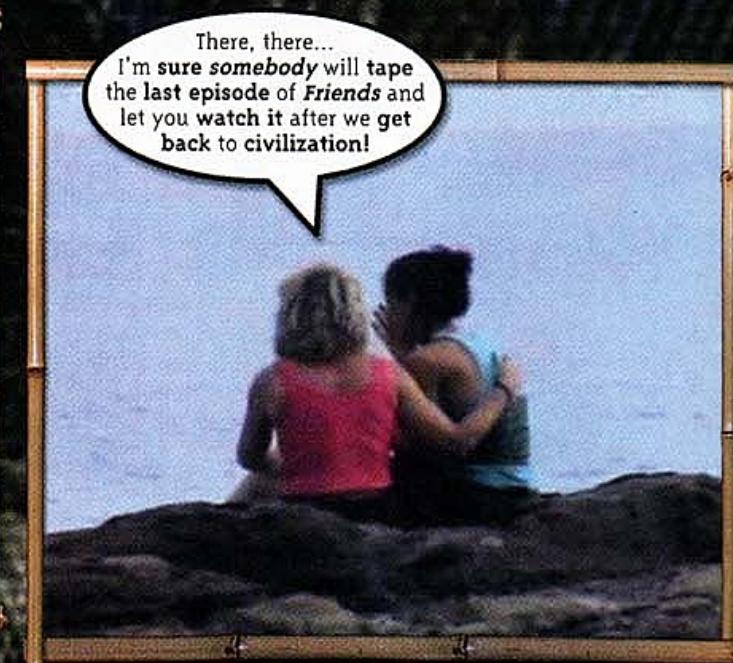
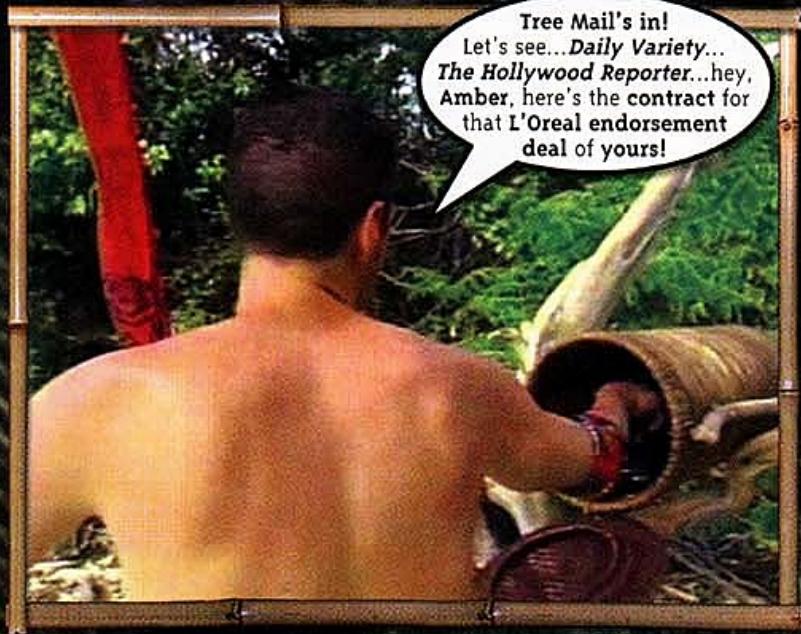
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

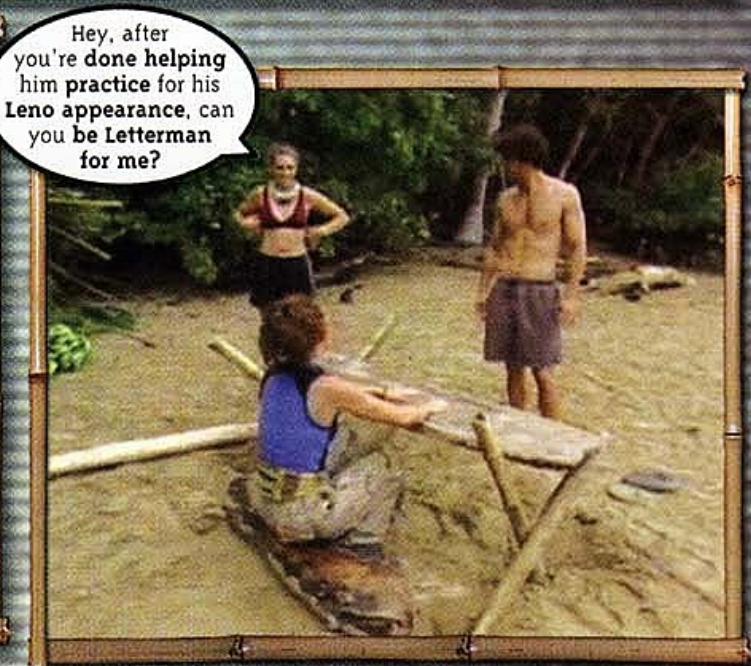
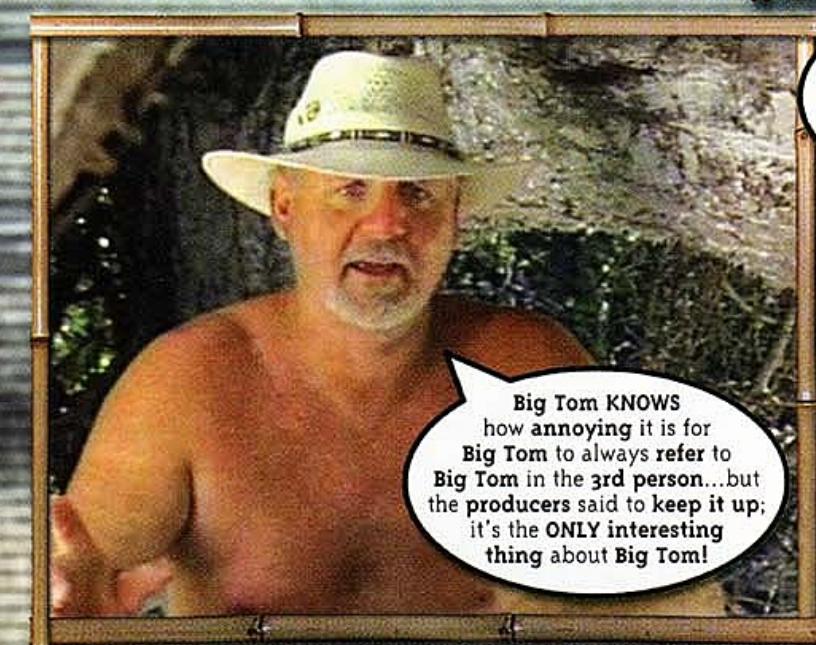
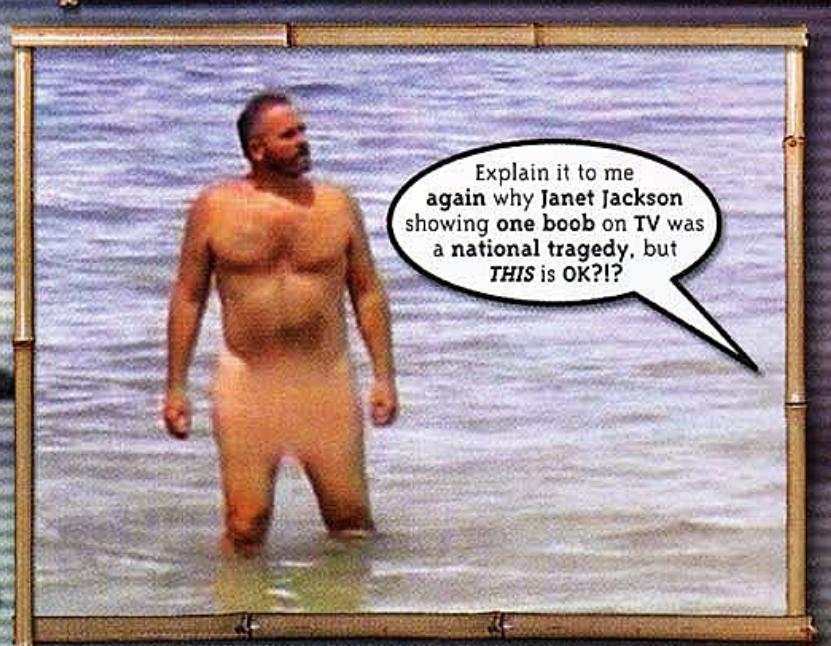
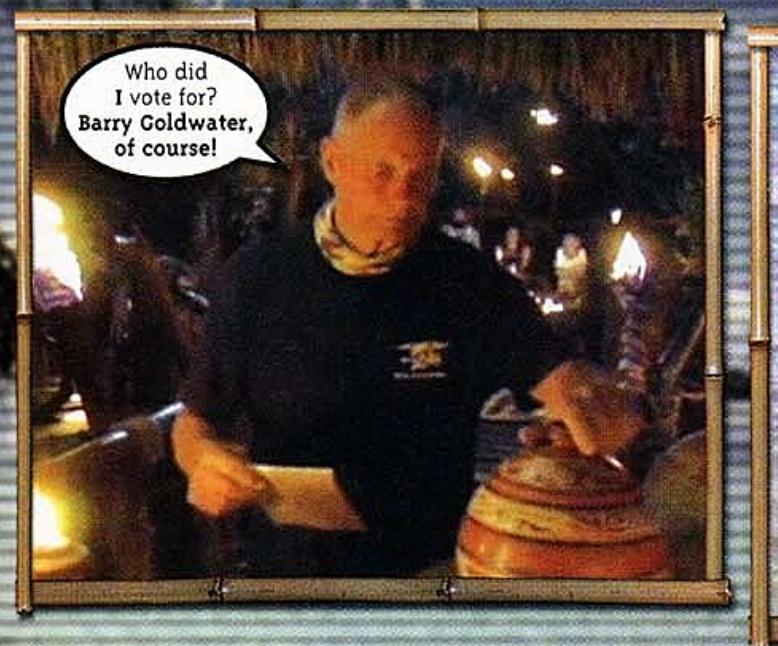
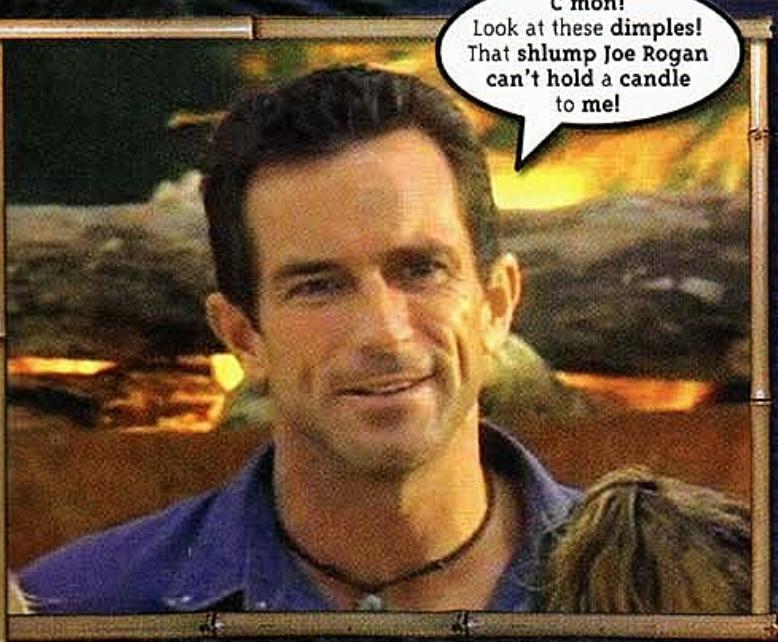
Sergio Aragones PRESENTS A MAD LOOK



AT BOWLING





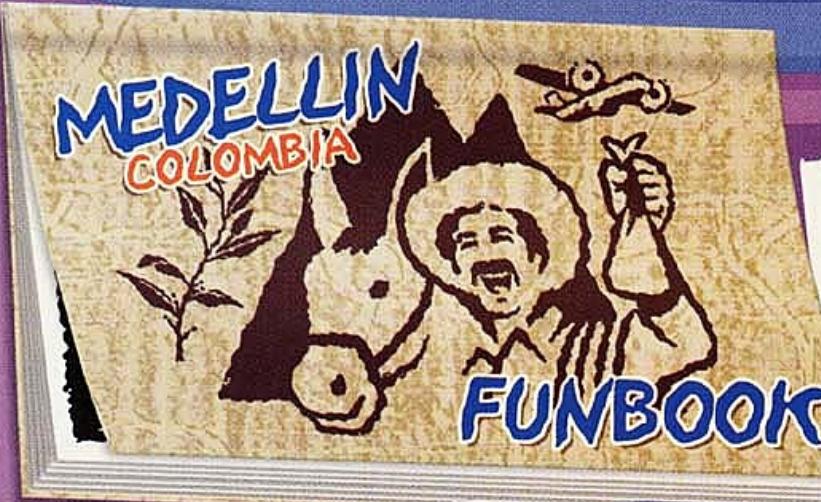




BARGAIN DEBASEMENT DEPT.

If you or your parents (or, more likely, your *grandparents*) have ever been to Las Vegas, you've probably seen the famous "Funbooks" given out all over town, chock full of popular coupons for Vegas-y things like: a FREE Slot-Machine pull...HALF-OFF Admission to see "Melinda, the Scantly-Clad Female Magician" at The Sahara...or a 2-FOR-1 99¢ lobster buffet! Well, look out American vacationers, because here come...

COUPON FUNBOOKS FOR PLACES OTHER THAN *Las Vegas*

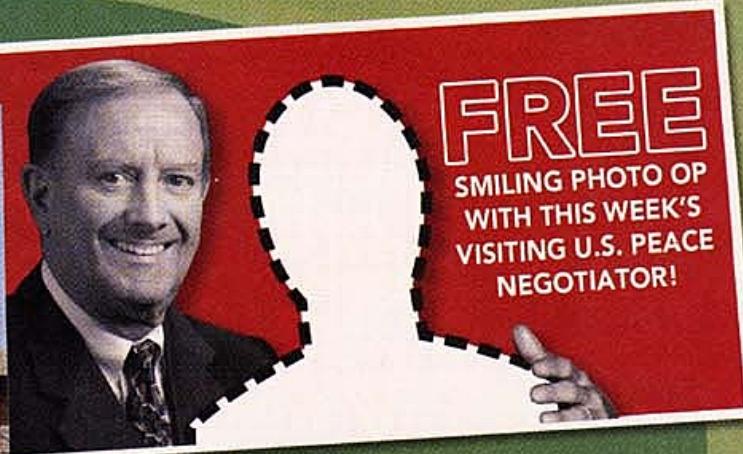
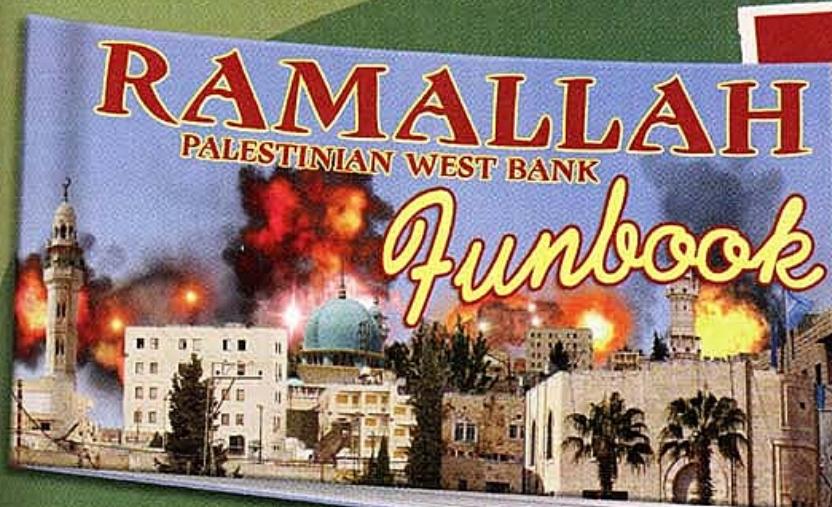


*Not to be combined with other kidnapping offers



*Does not include customary 15% gratuity for driver

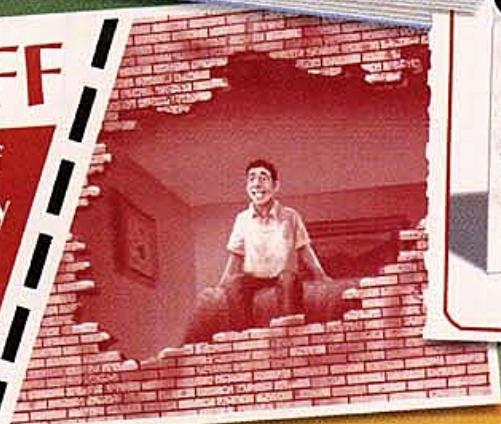




HALF OFF

Your room rate if
an Israeli artillery
shell takes **HALF
OFF** your room!*

*Minibar charges and pay-per-view
movie fees still apply



GOOD FOR ONE (1)

Certificate of Authenticity

SOUVENIR Rock

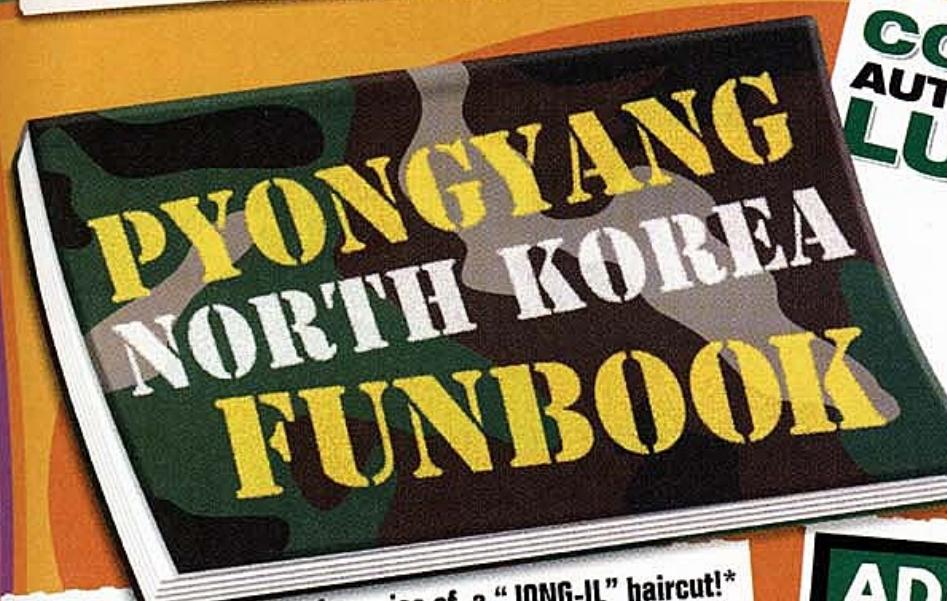
THROWN BY A CHILD
RAMALLAH, 10-10-93



INCLUDES CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY!

Souvenir Rock
actually thrown by
a Palestinian child
during the Intifada!*

*Not valid on rocks caked with blood.



10% OFF

Regular salon price of a "JONG-IL" haircut!*
Look just like our beloved, always
supremely-fashionable Leader!
(No appointment needed — takes just three minutes!)



**COMPLIMENTARY
AUTHENTIC NATIVE DIRT
LUNCH!***



*Offer does not include trips to insect "Fixin's Bar".

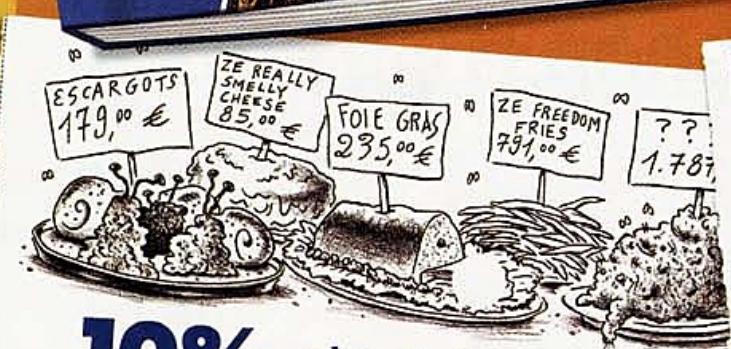
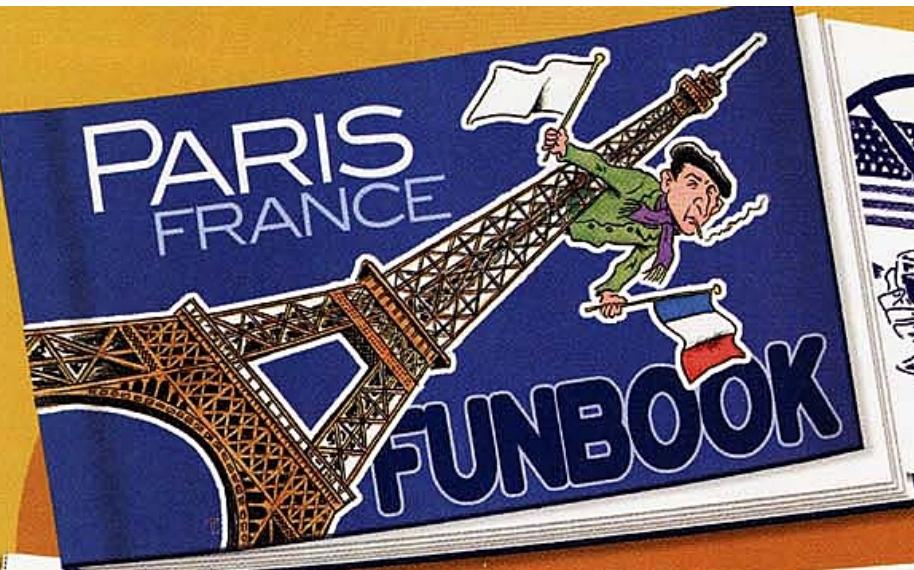
ADMIT ONE

The fireworks...
the civilian panic...
the indignation from world leaders!
IT'S THE MOST CHILLING SHOW ON EARTH!



TO THE NEXT UNANNOUNCED
TEST-FIRING OF A BALLISTIC MISSILE
OVER SOUTH KOREA OR JAPAN!

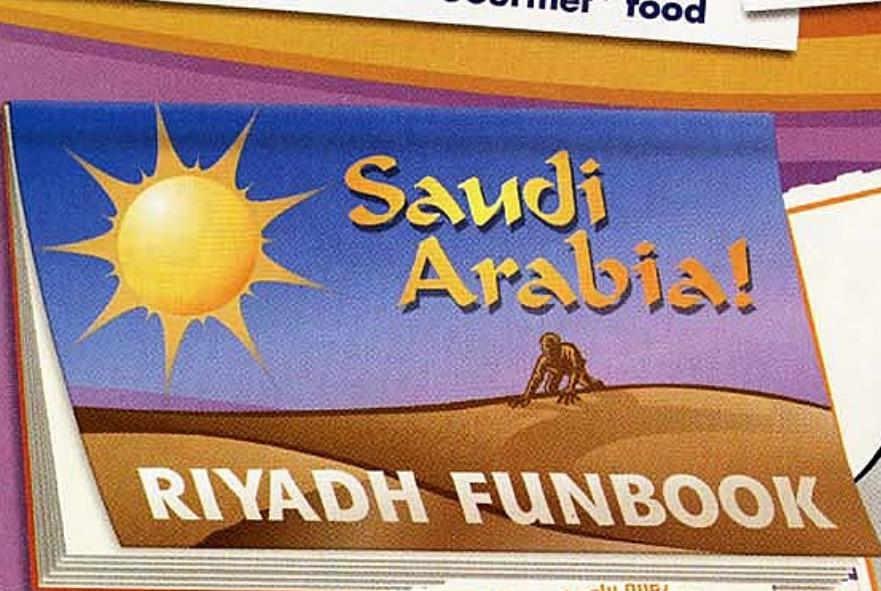
Offer not valid to
employees of the
C.I.A. and their families.
B.Y.O. Lead Smack!

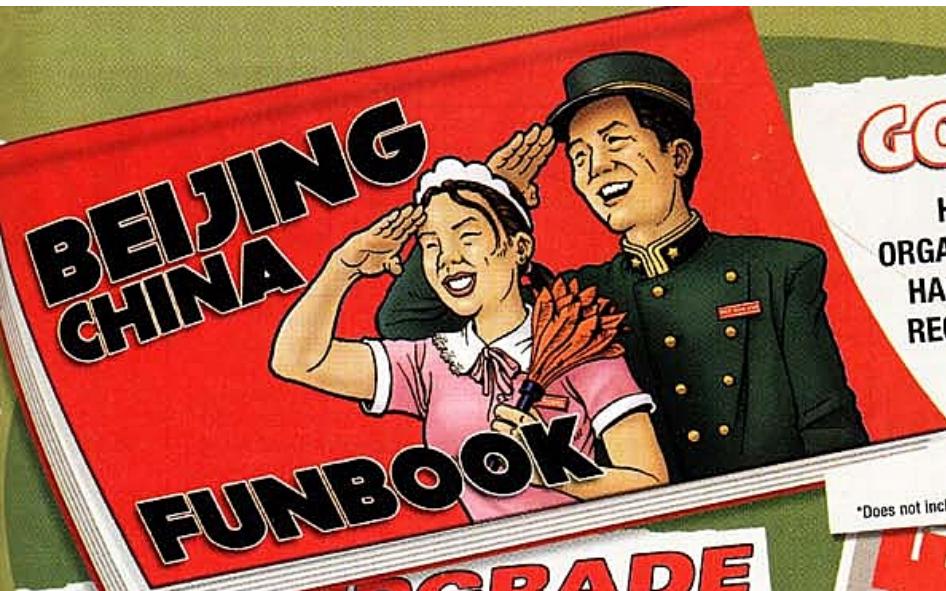


10%
OFF
already-inflated price
of ANY substance
labeled "Gourmet" food

Good for
ONE
feigned Parisian
SMILE
during your visit*

*Good for one smile only—
NOT transferable.
Offer does not guarantee
the absence of muttering.



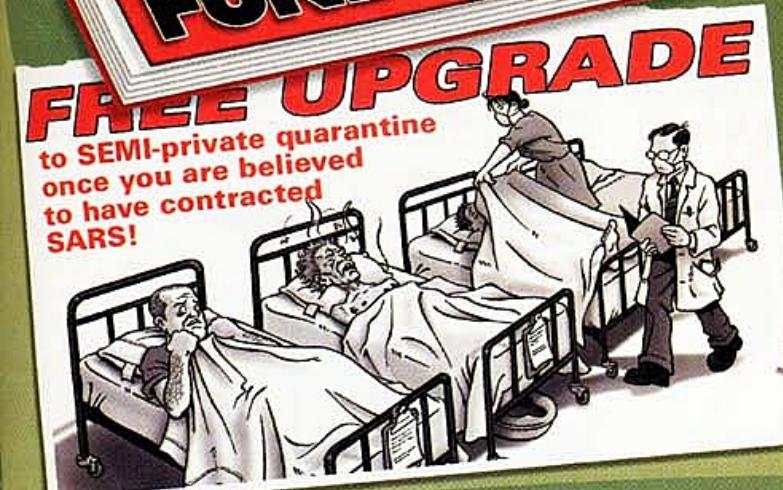


GOOD FOR ONE

HEALTHY VITAL
ORGAN OF YOUR CHOICE
HARVESTED FROM A
RECENTLY EXECUTED
POLITICAL
PRISONER!*

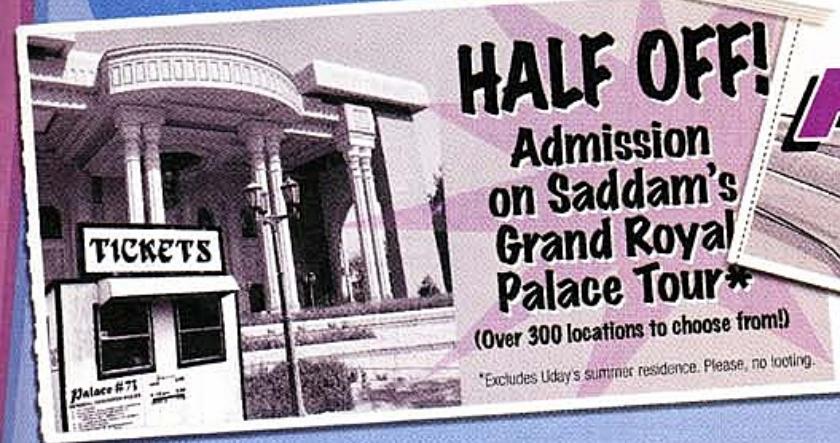


*Does not include spleens. Tissue match not guaranteed. Customer must supply own organ-carrying cooler.



FREE

Photo with
former Saddam
"decoy double"!
(Or IS it?)



10 FREE

whacks with your shoe on
the toppled Saddam statue
of your choice!*





TREAT, DON'T FAIL ME NOW DEPT.

You've died and left me with the two kids! I'm a mess, Julie! Sure, outside I'm still ruggedly handsome, but inside, there's turmoil!

Excuse me, I'm a world-famous brain surgeon who's given up a lucrative practice in New York to come to the tiny town of Everwooden to work for free! Am I headed in the right direction?

Yup! The Colorado Mental Deficiency Institute is right up the road!

Seethin, why are you so brooding and angry?

We've been uprooted and shipped to a foreign, primitive land!

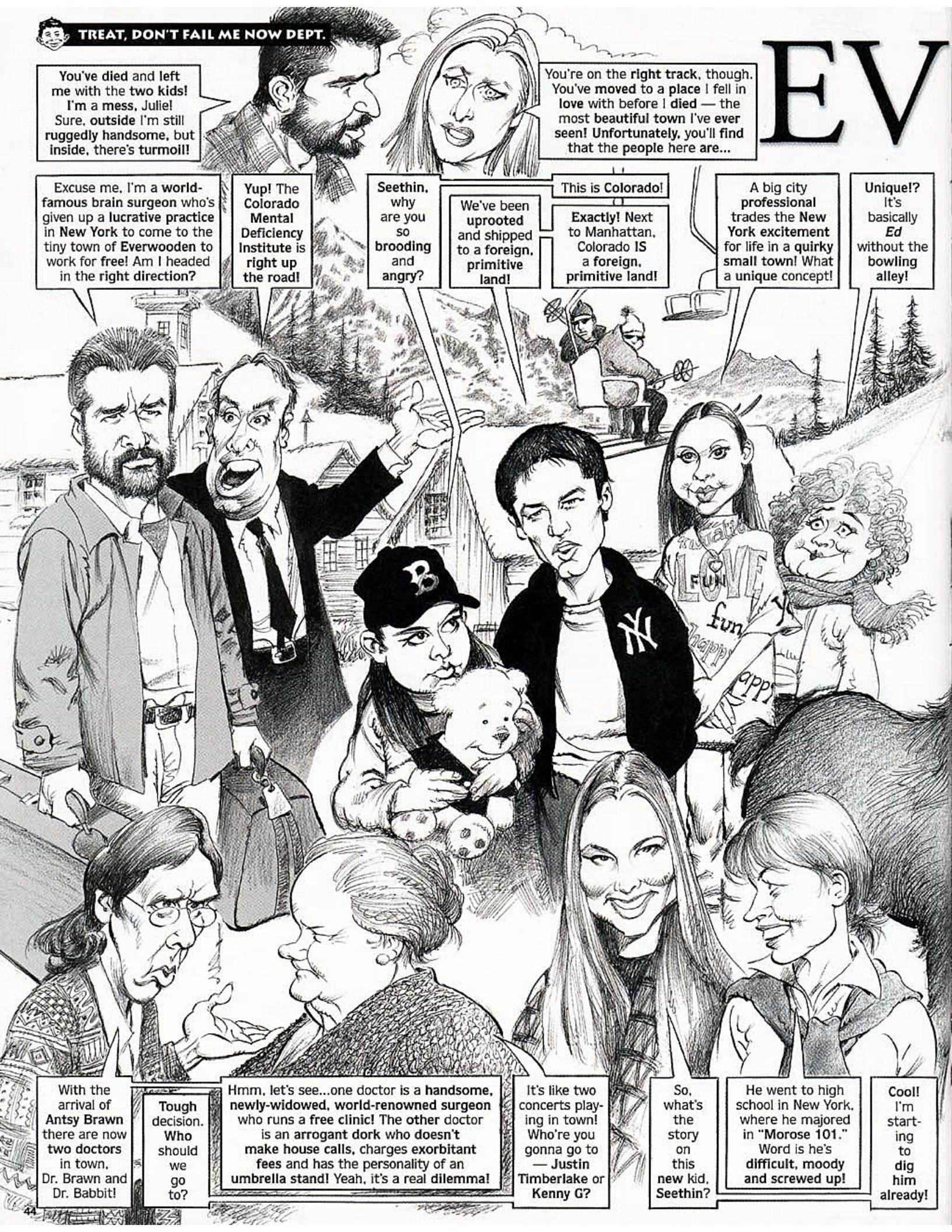
This is Colorado!

Exactly! Next to Manhattan, Colorado IS a foreign, primitive land!

A big city professional trades the New York excitement for life in a quirky small town! What a unique concept!

Unique? It's basically Ed without the bowling alley!

EV



EVERWOODEN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: JOSH GORDON

